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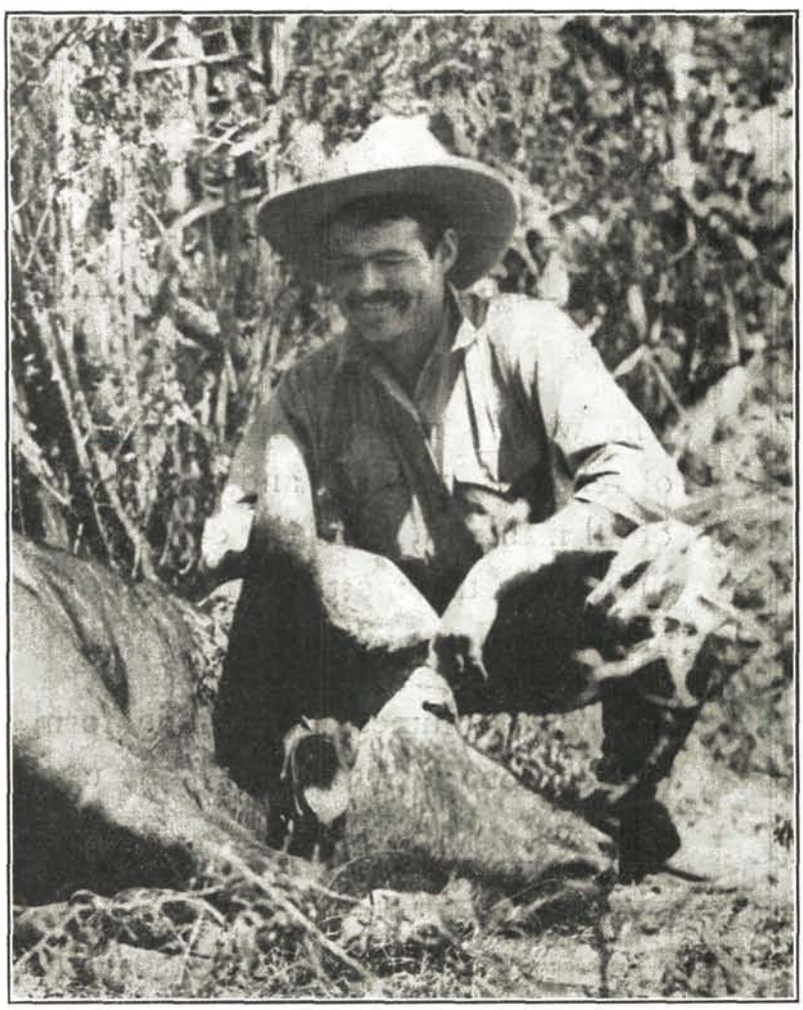

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

"When he gives us Hemingway in the sulks, Hemingway with the braggies, Hemingway amused or angered by the gun-bearers, Hemingway getting tight, . . . Hemingway being hard-boiled, or brutal, or swaggering, or ruthless, Hemingway kidding someone or getting sore at someone — the book comes to life". . . *(See page 5)*

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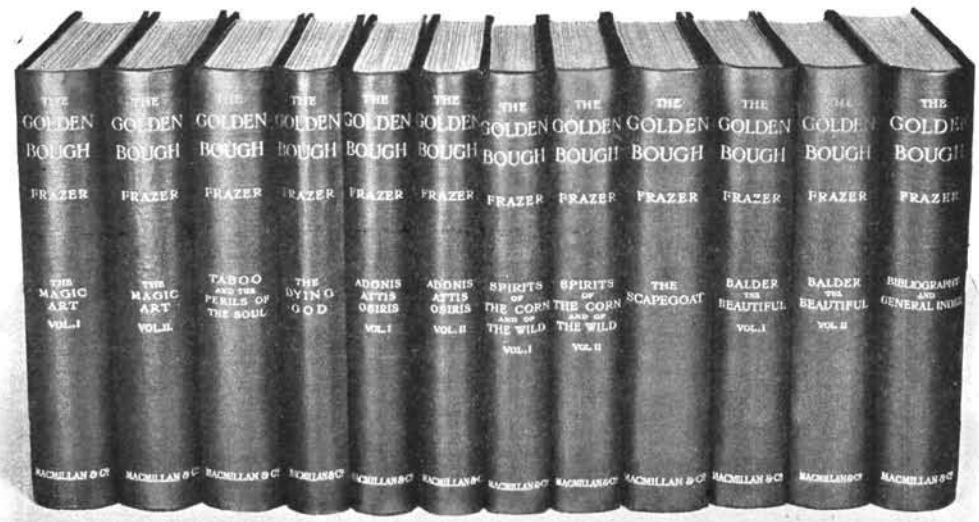
THE GOLDEN BOUGH
FRAZER
THE MAGIC ART VOL. I
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TABOO AND THE PERILS OF THE SOUL
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Who Runs the World?

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

THE Unofficial Observer* (author of "American Messiahs," etc.) is a very bright young man. If he *is* young. He certainly sounds that way. He knows a lot, a terrible lot. One fears that he knows many things that aren't quite so. But right at the outset, let us say that this is a most entertaining, frightening, exciting, lively, stupendous, breath-taking piece of fact, fiction, news reel, March of Time, Opinion, Prophecy, Fascist Propaganda, Communist Propaganda, Hitler over Europe, Brown Book, White Book, all sorts of books, all sorts of terrors, Menaces, Plots, Movements, Decline of the West, Rising Tide of Color, Myth of the Twentieth Century, all between two covers, gentlemen, nearly four hundred pages, plentifully spiced, racy, guaranteed to keep you awake or give you a nightmare, and all for the paltry price of three dollars and a half. It's the Eyes of the World without pictures, and you don't miss 'em. Read it, and find out what the Pope thinks when he can't sleep, who burned the Reichstag (there are two versions in the same book, both categorically stated as the truth), all about the financiers who really run France, and whose man Flandin is, and whose Laval. Find out who really runs the world. The favorites are King George and the Pope (three stars for each. U. O. thinks they're fine), Trotsky, Baldwin, the Emperor of Japan, Gandhi, Hoare, Tardieu, Stalin (doesn't like him much), Mussolini, Hitler, Roosevelt, Kemal, Von Blomberg, Sadao Araki, General Voroshilov, General Chiang Kai-Chek, Montagu Norman, Lord Reading, Baron James de Rothschild, Eugene Schneider, Schacht, J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Sir Henri Deterding. If Unofficial Observer doesn't know them all personally, you don't realize it.

U. O. is an extremely knowledgable young man. (I persist in believing that he is young. He must be, to have so much vitality, and to be so very sure of so many things.) He has read, apparently, everything: Spengler's "Decline of the West" and "Hour of Decision," Hitler's "Mein Kampf," Rosenberg's "Myth of the Twentieth Century," Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain, Karl Marx's "Manifesto," maybe Karl Marx's "Capital," some of Pareto, Sorel, Ortega's "Revolt of the Masses," and he has read them all avidly and sympathetically, and agrees with most of them, even though they don't agree with each other. He detests the liberals, is all for discipline and organization, except in his own book, loathes the Middle Classes, hates Finance Capitalism, respects some finance capitalists, has considerable awe for the Holy Roman and Apostolic Church, and sees a dire plot in every British move.

DOROTHY THOMPSON *Keystone*

Some of the book is really brilliant. U. O. has immense amounts of information, and an instinctive feeling for the times in which he lives. He has also, unlike most journalists, read a lot of history. He knows that things don't happen because of whims, and he doesn't subscribe to the Great Men theory of history, although he loves to write about them. He knows that history is rather more the lengthened shadow of steel-works, chimneys, and oil derricks, than it is of Great Men, and that Destiny makes its men. He also knows that the world is cracking up. He would never write a "Farewell to Revolution."

But affirming (mostly by inference) a dynamic philosophy, he doesn't write from any fixed point, and in a book so frankly subjective, so full of trenchant opinion, this is very confusing. Writing on the Vatican (God's Gendarmes) one thinks he is certainly a Catholic Fascist of the Austrian type; writing on Nazi Germany, he gives us second-hand a lot of Rosenberg, Guenther, and Lothrop Stoddard, and seemingly he believes it. I was convinced that he was some kind of fascist until I got to the last chapter, and then I was convinced he was a communist. Maybe he doesn't care which. Anyhow, he has a box seat, at a good show, and is prepared to make friends with whatever comes along. If it just isn't liberal democracy, and that, he is sure, is finished anyhow. He is really a marvel of openmindedness. There are, for instance, two ways of looking at Great Britain. Obviously Great Britain is on the skids. Trotsky said so some time ago ("Whither England?"), and he made a fine case. On the other hand, Great Britain has one of the most foolproof social systems ever invented, a really elastic class system, government by a limited and yet accessible society, and England has never made the mistake—one of U. O.'s bêtes noirs—of having a government within a government, Big Industrialists and Finance Capitalists over against a more or less democratic political system, such as exists in America. England has problems, but England actually has solidified her war gains. Besides, according to U. O. she has us, the

Next Week

THINGS TO COME
By H. G. WELLS
Reviewed by Gilbert Seldes

THE LAST CIVILIAN
By ERNST GLAESER
Reviewed by Samuel Nock

* *OUR LORDS AND MASTERS. By The Unofficial Observer. New York: Simon & Schuster.* 1935. $3.50.

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CAUSE PRECEDES EFFECT

Poincaré, Clemenceau, and Foch lead the parade of the Versailles Treaty. Cartoon by Low, from "Ye Madde Designer" (Studio Publications). Mr. Low's book is to be reviewed in next week's issue.

U. S. A., in the hollow of her hand. So she isn't on the skids. She is either going to become a Little England, and save her culture, or continue the Empire and spoil her race by intermixture; on the other hand she is a true racialist country with a true racialist philosophy. Well, hang it, is she or isn't she? All I am *sure* that U. O. thinks about England is that she is perfidious Albion. And yet, the pages on the structure of British society are as astute and scintillating as anything I have read on the subject. Better than anything in André Siegfried, certainly.

When he gets down to writing about Germany, one feels that the chapters were written by Mr. Goebbels. U. O. likes the Germans and when he likes he likes. "The Germans are the most intelligent, progressive, and powerful people in Europe." And that's that. One wants to ask, "How do you know?" "Republican Democracy was forced upon the German people by the allies in order to disintegrate and ruin her." Well, now, Mr. U. O., you should have been in Germany in 1919. "The Social Democrats enjoyed the soft government jobs which the Treaty of Versailles presented those who signed it for Germany." Did you get around the Foreign Office, Mr. U. O., under the German Republic? Or around the Reichswehr offices? Or around the courts or the universities? You'd be surprised at how many people there were holding soft jobs who were not Social Democrats, no, nor devotees of the Treaty of Versailles. "The truth is that the world attack on the Nazis . . . is a world attack on Germany." But who has led the world attack? The liberals, and the Jews. And who led the international opposition to the Treaty of Versailles for twelve years before Hitler came into power? The liberals, Mr. U. O., and a great many Jews.

The anti-Hitler feeling in the world is due to powerful Jewish machinations, according to U. O. Well, you know, I can't feel that it is quite so simple as all that. There is quite a general and spontaneous public distaste for a good many things the Nazis do. And if we didn't get all het up about similar atrocities in Russia or in Japan, perhaps it's because those countries seem a lot more remote from our own civilization. Like starving Chinese.

And then, we are told that Hitler isn't an imperialist. Nazism is in fact anti-imperialist. It wants to unite all Germans and that is the end of the matter. On Page 199. But some forty pages later we are reminded, or Mr. U. O. reminds himself, that Hitler's policy is to subject all the peoples from the Baltic to the Adriatic, and there are lots of non-Germans in there, you know. Besides, there is "Mein Kampf," and Mr. Hitler's now world-famous remarks about Russia, and there is the Treaty of Brest Litovsk. On page 213, U. O., having affirmed Germany's non-imperialistic tendencies, says, "to absorb the lands now inhabited by Germans and to conquer if necessary new lands to the South and East the Aryans must have a powerful military force." So they *are* imperialistic, or are they? On page 202 U. O. makes a very ingenious and rather breath-taking argument that the Nazis are the true apologists of the Catholic and European spirit. He says, "Hitlerism, by its emphasis on race, its open preference for the peasant type of agriculture, its coördination of German Protestants, its monarchial centralization of power . . . represents the final gravitation of Prussia to the main trend of European culture." So the Nazis are really good Europeans. And after you have made up your mind to that, you read on Page 229, "The cost of Germany's spiritual secession from Europe . . . is so great as to suggest that Germany has arbitrarily returned to the Dark Ages."

Things are certainly not what they seem. England, for instance (not France), was the real instigator of the Ethiopian adventure. England sicked Mussolini onto Ethiopia, in order to divert her attention away from Austria, because England is convinced that Germany must expand. All the talk at Geneva is eye-wash, and so are the sanctions, and so is the British fleet in the Mediterranean. Actually Italian foreign policy is being run by the British foreign office. And it's all a plot. A British plot.

On the other hand, if Germany really begins to expand, Britain is finished. So Britain is interested in keeping Germany down.

And in the end the Asiatics will probably swallow us all up anyway. All the great conquering hordes and all the great conquering religions have come out of Asia. Maybe the next conquering horde will be communist and maybe it will be a Man on Horseback. Voroshilov, for instance, although Stalin may have thought of himself for the job. Communism is the latest Asiatic religion, although, on the other hand, it is really an occidental importation into Russia, and represents a Westernizing influence.

Well, does it or doesn't it? It was at this point that this impassioned reader threw the Unofficial Observer out of the window. In the effigy of his book. That was in Vermont, and he fell amongst the frosted dahlias. But he was retrieved. Back in Bronxville we found out we had made a mistake about the communist Asiatic hordes. The Asiatics aren't hordes but modern organizers. Fascism, it seems, is "the grinning skull at the victor's post-war banquet! A Soviet Europe would . . . be the means by which a European economic Union could be formed, and could be linked to the resources of the Soviet Union, and through those to a sovietized China and India. Such a process of economic union based on industrial and agricultural rationalization, and with a method of effective distribution which might well be described as Socialism, could, in the long run not only preserve but probably increase the standards of living of the European peoples—but at a very high cost to Europe."

That was where we threw the book out of the window the second time. This was onto a stone terrace, where it hit a large bronze frog. It's been badly damaged. Publisher, please send another copy. I want to read again the description of Lenin's Party System. It's swell.

Dorothy Thompson, who has won recognition as one of the most informed and astute of foreign correspondents, was two years ago expelled from Germany because of her anti-Nazi opinions. She is the author of "I Saw Hitler."

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Hemingway in the Valley

GREEN HILLS OF AFRICA. By Ernest Hemingway. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1935. $2.75.

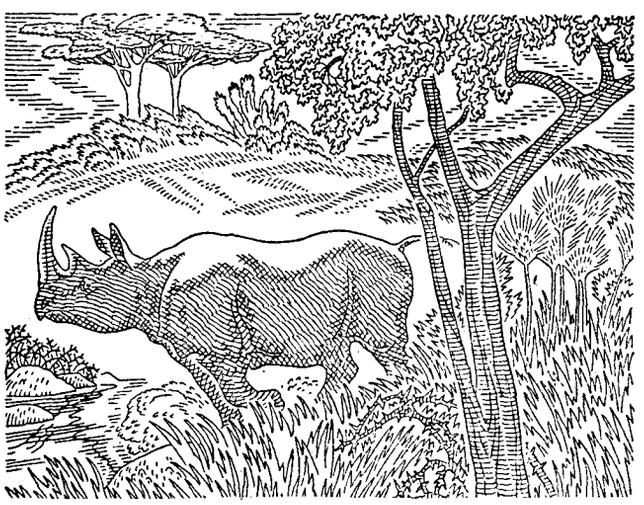
Reviewed by BERNARD DEVOTO

"THE writer has attempted to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination." So Mr. Hemingway describes his intention, in a preface that is shorter than the average sentence that follows it. Later, in one of the "bloody literary discussions," he praises prose that is "without tricks and without cheating"—a phrase which sums up an ambition that has been constant in all his work. Then he records his satisfaction "when you write well and truly of something and know impersonally you have written in that way and those who are paid to read it and report on it do not like the subject so they say it is all a fake." In another passage, "the lice who crawl on literature will not praise" a work of art. Either the reviewers have been getting under his skin or he is uneasy about this book.

Mr. Hemingway should have his answer: "Green Hills of Africa" cannot compete with his works of the imagination. It is not exactly a poor book, but it is certainly far from a good one. The trouble is that it has few fine and no extraordinary passages, and long parts of it are dull. And being bored by Ernest Hemingway is a new experience for readers and reviewers alike. The queer thing is that this novelty springs from the same intense literary self-consciousness that has been a large part of the effectiveness of his books up to now. He kills this one by being too assiduously an experimental artist in prose, out to register sensation and find the right words for the countryside and activity and emotion, and, by way of the bush and the campfires and the rhinoceros dung, carry his prose to the "fourth and fifth dimension that can be gotten." He has reverted to his café-table-talk days, he is being arty, and Africa isn't a good place for it.

Only about forty percent of the book is devoted to the shape of the country and the pattern of action. That part isn't too good. He is magnificent when he is rendering the emotions of the hunt and the kill, but those passages are less frequent than long, confusing, over-written descriptions, and these are lush and very tiresome. Besides, there are a lot of tricks and some cheating. Mr. Hemingway plunges into the rhetoric he has monotonously denounced, and he overlays a good many bits of plain brush-work with very eloquent and highly literary researches into past time.

The rest of it runs about twenty percent literary discussion, twenty percent exhibitionism, and twenty percent straight fiction technique gratefully brought into this unimaginative effort. The literary discussion, though it contains some precious plums, is mostly bad; the exhibitionism is unfailingly good. Mr. Hemingway is not qualified for analytical thought. His flat judgments and especially his papal rules and by-laws are superficial when they aren't plain cockeyed. He has written about writing, probably, more than any other writer of his time: he is much better at writing and we should all be richer if he would stick to it. But he is a first-rate humorist, and the clowning is excellent. When he gives us Hemingway in the sulks, Hemingway with the braggies, Hemingway amused or angered by the gun-bearers, Hemingway getting tight, Hemingway at the latrine, Hemingway being hard-boiled, or brutal, or swaggering, or ruthless, Hemingway kidding someone or getting sore at someone—the book comes to life. It comes to life, in fact, whenever he forgets about the shape of the country and the pattern of action, and brings some people on the stage.



DRAWING BY EDWARD SHENTON
From "Green Hills of Africa."

Working with real people, Pop, P. O. M., Karl, the casuals, he is quite as effective a novelist as he is with imaginary ones. He imparts the same life to the natives, some of whom do not even speak. Droopy, Garrick, and The Wanderobo are splendid creations; one sees and feels them, accepts them, experiences them. They live. And that is creation of a high order, a *tour de force* all the more remarkable since it is done without the dialogue that is Mr. Hemingway's most formidable weapon. When he is being a novelist, he achieves his purpose. His book has the life and validity he tells us he set out to give it; he gets the experience itself into prose. It successfully competes with the imagination—because it uses the tools and technique of an imaginative artist.

The big news for literature, however, is that, stylistically, there is a new period of Hemingway. He seems to be fighting a one-man revolution to carry prose back to "The Anatomy of Melancholy" or beyond. There have been omens of it before now, of course, and Mr. Hemingway, in his café-table days, pondered Gertrude Stein to his own gain. The repetitious Stein of "Tender Buttons" doesn't show up here, but the Stein who is out to get four or five dimensions into prose is pretty obvious. But he also appears to have been reading a prose translation of "The Odyssey" too closely, and something that sounds like a German translation of Hemingway. With the result that whereas the typical Hemingway sentence used to run three to a line it now runs three to a page. And whereas he used to simplify vocabulary in order to be wholly clear, he now simplifies grammar till the result looks like a marriage between an e. e. cummings simultaneity and one of those ground-mists of Sherwood Anderson's that Mr. Hemingway was burlesquing ten years ago.

The prize sentence in the book runs forty-six lines, the one I should like to quote as typical ("Now, heavy socks . . ." p.95), though less than half that long is still too long, and a comparatively straightforward one must serve. "Going downhill steeply made these Spanish shooting boots short in the toe and there was an old argument, about this length of boot and whether the bootmaker, whose part I had taken, unwittingly, first, only as interpreter, and finally embraced his theory patriotically as a whole and, I believed, by logic, had overcome it by adding onto the heel."

This is simpler than most, but it shows the new phase. Usually the material is not so factual as this and we are supposed to get, besides the sense, some muscular effort or some effect of color or movement that is latent in pace and rhythm rather than in words. But, however earnest the intention, the result is a kind of etymological gas that is just bad writing. The five-word sentences of "The Sun Also Rises" were better. You know where you stood with them, and what Mr. Hemingway was saying. He ought to leave the fourth dimension to Ouspensky and give us prose.

An unimportant book. A pretty small book for a big man to write. One hopes that this is just a valley and that something the size of "Death in the Afternoon" is on the other side.

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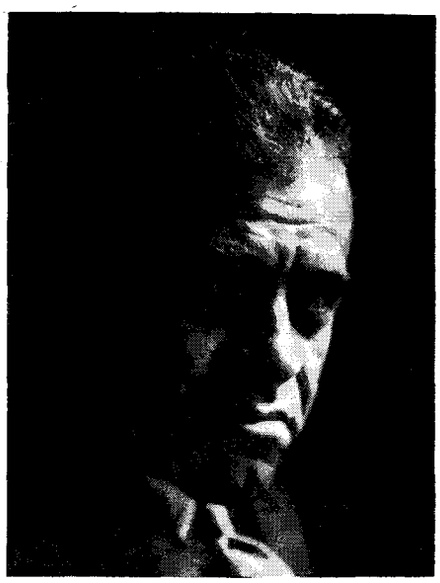

Bob Davis
JOSEPH GOLLOMB

A Search for Meaning

UNQUIET. By Joseph Gollomb. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by N. L. Rothman

THIS is a novel so interesting in the problems it raises, and does not answer, that we may deal summarily with the preliminaries of a review. In "Unquiet" we follow David Levitt along the course of his life, from childhood in Russia and flight from anti-Semitism, through adolescence on New York's seething East Side, to the seeking years of manhood. It is obvious that Mr. Gollomb is a writer of more than ordinary capacities. His book, an unhesitating autobiography, never flags in vitality, in imagination, in its power to convey the exact emotional quality of a remembered experience. Those readers who were familiar with the East Side of twenty-five years ago will find their memories of it here arrayed in living dimensions, and they will be delighted with the early portraits, in pseudonym, of such present-day notables as Eddie Cantor and Jo Davidson.

But we are impelled beneath these surface excellences by the deeper purpose of the author, and become conscious of twin dissatisfactions, his and our own. As David grows older and discovers in New York the social contradictions he thought had been left behind in Russia, his attention is drawn more and more to these contradictions. He finds himself alternating constantly between bafflement and the struggle to understand. This is clearly the dominant theme of the book, the search for meaning, and it quite eclipses in importance the purely autobiographical details of David's life. Yet Mr. Gollomb permits the multiplication of such details to obscure and frustrate that search. Even at those moments when David comes face to face with the choices that must be made, between life and tradition, between duty to the future and duty to the past, he fumbles or evades his choice, and the author does also, by shrouding David's evasions in a sentimentalism that may be a part of the environment but must not be part of the writer. The story ends in irresolution, in defeat masked as sacrifice.

Certainly there can be no quarrel with defeat if it be genuine and necessary, rising out of causes fully realized. Perhaps David Levitt could not realize them, but Joseph Gollomb can. This is too much Levitt's book, not enough Gollomb's. As we read along we become aware of that, and we feel that it is due to the weakness of the autobiographical novel as a form. It does not differentiate sufficiently, or probe deeply enough. For example: among other materials in this book there are sweat-shops, strikes, and fires, City College and East Side settlements, hack-writing on the *World*, and night-school teaching. The autobiographical method gives us of these only what they make David Levitt think and feel. What is needed is to have this material presented in full, realistically, in the center of the stage rather than as visions in David's mind. If Mr. Gollomb had turned his concentration from David's reactions, to what David saw, he might have resolved for us and himself those contradictions that seemed to David so insoluble.

My Unconscious Mind

By Theodore Maynard

IN my unconscious mind
I peer—a caverned pool,
Whose dark depths almost make me blind—
I stretch, and find it full:

Full of a life that teems
With secrets dimly known,
Elusive as at dawn my dreams—
And all this life my own!

As though a thousand fish
Spawned in the darkness there:
Unconscious memory and wish,
Frustration and despair.

If suddenly I lunge
The fish escapes my hold,
Yet in its dazzling swerve and plunge
I catch a flash of gold.

If stealthily I slide
My cautious finger-tips
Along a pearly-silver side—
Glancing away it slips.

How shall I ever snatch
From all these myriads one?
No hook avails, and for this catch
No nets were ever spun.

But as I turn to go
Right to my feet will leap
A radiance which I used to know
In childhood or in sleep.

Rejection of Security

THE STRANGE DEATH OF LIBERAL ENGLAND. By George Dangerfield. New York: Harrison Smith & Robert Haas. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by Stanley Pargellis

THE reign of George V has seen changes in English social structure and thought more profound than for a century past. Everyone who thinks about England at all knows this, dimly, and turns over the flood of Jubilee chronicles, encomiums, and jottings in the vain hope of finding some reasoned understanding of it. Mr. Dangerfield has not written another Jubilee book. He deals with four years only, 1910 to 1914, but he gives us the new England. His thesis is startlingly simple. By the spring of 1914, before the war broke, Liberal England was dead. The Liberal Party had reached its end, neither its respectability, its vacillating compromise between capital and labor, its meaningless reforms, nor its parliamentary methods able to withstand the shock of three great rebellions. The Unionists staged the first, inciting Ulster to civil war that they might defeat their parliamentary enemies outside the accustomed arena of political debate. The rebellion of the suffragettes, explicable only on psychological grounds as the rejection of a moribund, smothering security, provided the second problem that Asquith's government could not settle by compromise.

And more real and more deadly than either in these Unrest Years was the workers' rebellion. Their real wages falling, their grievances only buttered a little by Liberal reforms which never touched the economic root, the workers of the Triple Alliance were prepared for direct action in the general strike called for September, 1914. All three rebellions rejected in common such security as the old England furnished, the security of par-

GEORGE DANGERFIELD

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liamentary methods, the security of the Victorian home, the security of work under miserable conditions, and all were militant in their tactics. Just how much more that new spirit meant Mr. Dangerfield refuses to guess, but it was the spirit which faced reality in the war, and gives to English counsels today a sanity and an assurance lacking elsewhere in the world. For though his title-page carries the word "death," "it was not death which gave imperial England such a disturbing appearance in the spring and summer of 1914; it was life."

This is not an impartial history. With all the merciless brilliance that Oxford epigram can achieve Mr. Dangerfield ridicules the ministers of the old guard, never sympathizing with the difficulties of men who lead a state in times of change. Lloyd George was "less a liberal than a Welshman on the loose"; F. E. Smith, Lord Birkenhead, "had acquired, not diligently, but with too much ease, the airs of a fox-hunting man who can swear elegantly in Greek." Asquith was a moderate improviser on other men's themes, "his only excess in the matter of his personal standards, which were extremely high." Mr. Dangerfield's sympathies are all with labor; against not one of labor's sincere standard-bearers, inept as some of them were, does he breathe a word of criticism.

His arguments, moreover, are built upon the world of events, of politics, and actions. He says nothing of the intellectuals, Hobhouse, Graham Wallas, and even H. G. Wells, rebels in the world of ideas. His concepts are Marxist, but with the sharpness of their outlines softened by a sensitive appreciation of national psychology. He is not afraid to talk about the nation's "soul." For that freedom which is the essence of real liberalism, and cannot die, he seems not to care, and would probably not agree with the point of view which holds that what died in 1914 was not liberalism, but Victorian conservatism.

But none of these remarks are meant to be critical. Dangerfield, though he may not know it, has put himself among the newest of the "new" historians. "Social history," he says, "like history itself, is a combination of taste, imagination, science, and scholarship; it reconciles incompatibles, it balances probabilities; and at last it attains the reality of fiction, which is the highest reality of all."

He must be taken at his word. It is the clear, authentic voice of the new young England which speaks in this book, of those young Englishmen without birth and without resources, but with the will not to let any sentiment for the beauties of that England which is gone, or any compromise with the unreal thinking of the men who enjoyed it, stand in their way as they mold the England that shall be.

Stanley Pargellis is an instructor in the history department of Yale University.

No Place Like Home

THE STREET I KNOW. By Harold E. Stearns. New York: Lee Furman. 1935. $2.75.

Reviewed by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

I have finished the book. I have tried to tell the truth and tell it interestingly. As far as I can, I have avoided heroics, and I have tried not to sentimentalize about myself.

THOSE were Mr. Stearns's objectives in writing "The Street I Know," and perhaps this review may begin by saying that he has attained them. More especially the last two. We have had as candid autobiographies but few in which the author preserves as curious and sedate a detachment. It is as if he were looking at and commenting upon a moving-picture which happens to deal with the life of a man named Harold E. Stearns.

HAROLD E. STEARNS

A rather interesting fellow, yes—you will see this thing that happened to him and that. Here he is a Harvard student and here a Young Intellectual—here he is studying philosophy and here, oddly enough, he is Peter Pickem of the Ponies, the best racetrack tipster in Paris—and here, you will observe, he is down and out. It is a curious thing to be down and out, especially if there are legends about you—you will find people willing to buy you two hundred francs worth of drinks but unwilling to lend you the twenty francs that will buy you a bed for the night. It is an interesting phenomenon; it is worth recording. Here the film gets rather spotty—here Stearns did some foolish things—we will put those down, as they were—here, he is rather an influence—we will comment upon that, with as exact an appraisal. Here he comes back to America, without a job or money or teeth—a great deal of thumping stuff with lyric comments about bitterness and the "lost generation" could be made of that in a novel. But this is not a novel—we will put down the facts—we will show, how, curiously, keeping and paying for a typewriter becomes to him a curious symbol of success or failure.

And he does succeed; after the collapse of two separate existences, he manages to build a third one. A curious, on the whole an interesting phenomenon, this Harold E. Stearns and his times. "Men like simple clear explanations of complicated processes, but children, too, want toys that will 'run' and will break them in a rage when they do not." In fiction the toy would have "run"—any writer knows how. But this is a human being, and unpredictable. He is not arranged at all—he is merely set down.

Set down, not without heat at times, but with something approaching a clinical detachment. That is both the strength of the book and its weakness. There is little malice in it and little pose. It lacks completely, for instance, the solemn callowness of a book such as Malcolm Cowley's "Exile's Return." On the other hand, the publishers were ill-advised to print a list of celebrities on the cover. They are all in the book—there is no misrepresentation—but nine-tenths of them are barely characterized. The phenomena, throughout, are more interesting than most of the individuals — the atmosphere of Stearns's childhood—the atmosphere of pre-war New York — the feel of expatriate Paris and the superb section on the *Tribune* office.

The book would have been improved by cutting, and the writing is sometimes — well, sloppy is the only word for it in a man of Mr. Stearns's proved abilities. But, at its best, the casual style has an unforced honesty. It very seldom pretends—as little about the good times as about the bad, and very little, also, about final conclusions. "We are homeless enough in this world, under the best of circumstances, without going to any special effort to test our capacity to be more so. I think I have the right to say that—I have tried being homeless more than most people. And, if one man's testimony counts for anything, I am ready to depose that it simply doesn't work." So far, that might have been said by others, though not, perhaps, with quite that sobriety. Then Mr. Stearns proceeds, "Yet if you do—as I did—can you retrieve that mistake? I think so, for when everything is said and done, the most you have lost is time and you have not even lost all of that." I recommend that sentence for study—and as an example of honesty—to all would-be autobiographers.

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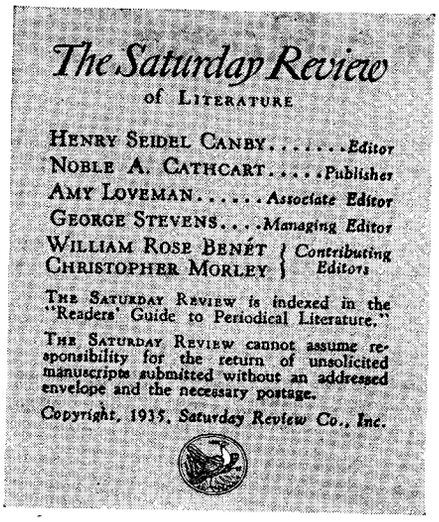
The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Tippling at the Pierian Spring

THE NATION, rather unkindly, advertises a series of its articles on literary critics as "scintillating gossip," not to be missed. This is too severe a description of "Our Critics, Right or Wrong," by Margaret Marshall and Mary McCarthy. They do not gossip, they quote, and their slaps on the wrists of reviewers who exuberate over each new genius are often deserved. It is an old, old story, varied only by the sadder case of reviewers who execrate the talents of new writers that afterwards prove to have been fine gold.

But critics of critics should be particularly careful of accuracy and good judgment in the bases of their criticism. These two ladies seem to us to have tippled a little at the Pierian spring, with the result that they write too fast for discrimination. They are certainly guilty of a fallacy which is as common as it is annoying. Let a reviewer remember the continuity of literature, let him out of a stocked memory recall the prime mover of a certain way of art, let him, in short, endeavor to show tradition at work and flowering every now and then in a new inspiration, and the dogs are loosed on him. Thornton Wilder's "Woman of Andros" reminds him of Theocritus's visit to the shrine of Dionysius. Sherwood Anderson in "Many Marriages" is a modern Bunyan trying to work in symbols, with results both noble and ridiculous. Immediately the critic is said, triumphantly by the publishers, scornfully by the critics' critic, to have asserted that Wilder is as good as Theocritus, Anderson is as great as Bunyan. What nonsense! Can it be that these ladies (and those like-minded in criticism) object to the existence of literary tradition, that they object to any attempt to relate the obscure present to the well-lit past? But they are related, deeply related, and unless these recurrent movements of the imagination are indicated in their proper perspective, criticism has no roots.

Once assume that a mention of a modern in his relation to an ancient means that the modern is as good as the classic, and the road is clear for sarcasm. It is easy to say that the critic who in 1930 made Thornton Wilder equal to Theocritus, must have been subject to an emotional lesion, since in 1934 he was content to call him a miniaturist of talent. Of course Wilder was overpraised. Of course Bromfield was overpraised. All good writers, and certainly these two are *good* writers, are either overpraised or overdamned in their own generation. Only gentlemen like Mr. Michael Gold (whose Marxian "fist" these ladies admire) can settle "*Hoti's* business" once and for all by pointing out that since a given writer is not class-conscious he evidently cannot be a good novelist. And indeed who has the right to assume that these two American novelists are not important, not worthy of warm greeting, not integral to the picture of the American imagination in our time! This is not to say they are great. What is greatness in literature and who shall estimate it while contemporaneity still clouds our judgment? Was Crashaw great? Was Crabbe great? Was Longstreet great? Was Beckford great? Probably not, but we should have missed them if they had not written. We should have been sorry in their day not to have greeted them, perhaps more warmly than they deserved. We make no prophecies here, but assuredly to speak of the "twin, pale meteoric talents of Mr. Wilder and Mr. Bromfield" is an infelicity of the first order. They are not twins in any sense. Neither, by any twist of the word, is pale. And whether they are meteoric or not can only be said when the time for their stars to set has come.

Out upon this crabbing against the contemporary reputations of authors who at least write well, have certainly given pleasure, and are so evidently better masters of their craft than the critics' critics of theirs! To attack the blurbing which goes on in our press and is focussed by the publishers in their advertisements, is a battle in which all sincere reviewers should join. But the issue is merely confused when to make a nation's holiday paragraphers forget that we must live in our own times, and prize what we have, not extravagantly, nor with lack of discrimination, yet still with a willingness to drop questions of absolute greatness and give an author at least his due. For what the hurried or pedantic critic will not remember is that it is true in every sense that the work of art means more and should mean more to its contemporaries than to the absolute; and that if warmth of appreciation is ever justified it is in the reception of a new talent, even though it is not the talent of a Theocritus.

Read more carefully, ladies. Be more tolerant of enthusiasm, less sure that you know just who is good, who has succeeded, who failed. Talent, a miniaturist's talent like Wilder's, a social historian's talent like Bromfield's, is too rare to sneer at because these authors are neither Voltaires, Fieldings, nor Marxians prophesying a certain future. It is better that 99 weaklings should be praised than that one good man should be overlooked, or that his particular goodness even when minor should lack its sympathetic interpretation. Admit that, and we will gladly join you in dusting the coats of those whose enthusiasm has run away with their judgment, including our own. But do not be too sure that the public is wrong when they send books into fifteen or sixteen editions; or that you are right when you complacently bury talents which are at least much riper than your own.

Pulitzer Prizes The announcement that henceforth the Pulitzer prizes in letters and journalism will not be awarded to an individual more than once is long since overdue. The bestowal of the distinction upon the same person twice or thrice could hardly fail to be bad in its results, not only because it fastened in the public mind the belief that all merit resided in a few names but as well by making the award appear perfunctory. It would seem far better not to give an accolade at all, thereby preserving its dignity, than to derogate from its worth by letting it go to one who has already been its recipient and perhaps is the second time receiving it for less distinguished work than the first merely to carry out the terms of an intention. Pulitzer prize selections during the past few years have several times been such as to threaten seriously the esteem in which the award is held. If they are to be of serious consequence they should be withheld as well as bestowed, for it is by discrimination alone that they can continue to demand respect.

Ten Years Ago

Ernest Hemingway's first collection of short stories, "In Our Time," was published in 1925. Louis Kronenberger, who reviewed the book for this magazine, found *"obvious traces of Sherwood Anderson"* and *"subtler traces of Gertrude Stein,"* but also *"sound merit of a personal, nonderivative nature."*

Today

On page 5 of this issue, Bernard DeVoto reviews Ernest Hemingway's latest book, "Green Hills of Africa." *"The repetitious Stein of 'Tender Buttons,'"* writes Mr. DeVoto, *"doesn't show up here, but the Stein who is out to get four or five dimensions into prose is pretty obvious. . . And whereas [Hemingway] used to simplify vocabulary in order to be wholly clear, he now simplifies grammar till the result looks like a marriage between an e. e. cummings simultaneity and one of those ground-mists of Sherwood Anderson's that Mr. Hemingway was burlesquing ten years ago."*

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Letters to the Editor: *A Mark Twain Problem and a Dickinson Item*

The Mysterious Paragraph

SIR:—"Mark Twain; Anti-Victorian" was swell reviewing. Even a Doctor of Philosophy can be interesting and vigorous given such a subject.

Perhaps some one on your staff can solve for me a little Mark Twain problem that I've been wondering about for years. Here it is:—

> A myriad of men are born; they labor, sweat and struggle for bread; they squabble and scold and fight; they scramble for little mean advantages over one another; age creeps upon them, infirmities follow, and humiliations bring down their prides and their vanities! Those they love are taken from them, and the joy of life is turned to aching grief. The burden of pain, care and misery grows heavier year by year; at length ambition is dead, pride is dead; vanity is dead; longing for release comes in their place. It comes at last—the only unpoisoned gift earth ever had for them and they vanish from the world where they were of no consequence; where they achieved nothing; where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; where they left no sign that they existed—a world which will lament them for a day and forget them forever. Then another myriad takes their place and copies all they did, and goes along the same profitless road, and vanishes as they vanished—to make room for another and another, and a million other myriads, to follow the same profitless path through the same desert and to accomplish what the first myriad, and all the other myriads that came after it accomplished—nothing!"

That smashing, beautiful paragraph was quoted in a box on the front page of a San Francisco evening paper nearly twenty years ago. Not in connection with any series, anniversaries, or anything else, but apparently because the editor had just read it, and thought it worthy of the front page. A by-line said that the paragraph was from Mark Twain's "Mysterious Stranger." I cut and saved the paragraph, and tried to get a copy of the book. Not until 1922 did I succeed in doing so, when I found "The Mysterious Stranger and Other Stories", published in that year by Harpers. The paragraph quoted above did not appear in this edition.

What I would like to know is: Was this stuff taken out of this beautiful little piece? If so, by whom, and why?

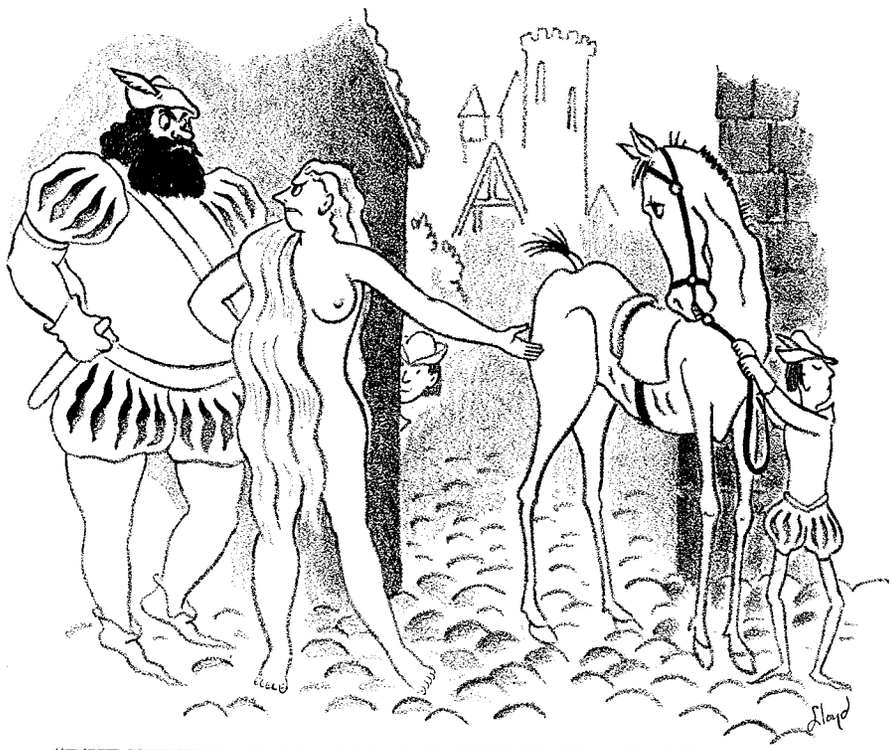
Oakland, Calif. E. B. FOOTE.

"In Back Of"

SIR: I was moved by Mr. Wright's letter about the hateful phrase "in back of" in your issue of September 28. I believe the most dangerous corrupter of the English language at the present time is the newspaper head-line. If a wrong word is shorter by even a single letter than the right word, it is pretty certain that it will be used provided it is intelligible—or sometimes even if it isn't. Thus we have "protest" for "protest against," "peril" for "imperil," "wait" for "await," and so on. It wouldn't so much matter if such words would only keep their place. But unfortunately they work their way little by little into the text as well. I regret to say I have seen some of them even in the columns of the *S. R. L.* And so the "well of English" becomes further defiled. Is there positively nothing that can be done about it?

E. C. FROST.

Oakland, Cal.



"D'YE EXPECT ME TO APPEAR IN PUBLIC ON A NAG LIKE THAT?"

(Addendum to Literature—Number 5)

"The Lover's Mother Goose"

SIR:—Collectors and students of Emily Dickinson will be interested in a curious anthology of verse entitled "The Lover's Mother Goose," illustrated and apparently compiled by John Cecil Clay and published by The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. The title-page bears no date, but the copyright is 1905, and the book was presumably published that year. Emily Dickinson is represented by two poems, "If you were coming in the fall" (p. 78) and "Have you got a brook in your little heart?" (p. 88). Both of these lyrics first appeared in "Poems, First Series," 1890. The following biobliographical points will serve to identify this mélange of verse lavishly illustrated in color. The title-page, preceded by verse and illustrations, appears on p. 9 and reads as follows: The/ Lover's/ Mother/ Goose/ By/ John Cecil Clay (in manuscript facsimile)/ Toujours Amour . . ./ The Bobbs-Merrill Company/ Publishers Indianapolis U. S. A./ The title-page is illustrated by a procession of six geese and a cat-tail.

Opposite the title-page is a drawing in color entitled "The House That Jack Built." The table of contents is found on pp. 13-16. The main text comprehends pp. 17-92. (My copy may lack a final leaf or two.) The size of the leaves is 11 1/16 x 8 7/8 inches. The volume is bound in gray cloth, with the title in gilt on the cover and the spine. There is a drawing of a girl's head on the cover.

The authors surrounding Emily Dickinson in this anthology include the following: Clarence Hawkes, Burges Johnson, Edmund Steadman [*sic.*], Swinburne, Herrick, E. S. Martin, Ellen Hutchinson, Paul Dunbar, Richard Gilder, Oliver Herford, Rossetti, Rostand, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Kate Putnam Osgood, Robert Burns Wilson, Charles G. D. Roberts, Edmond Holmes, Wilde, Tennyson, Stevenson, Henley, Shakespeare, Robert Bridges, J. Vance Cheney, Walter Learned and James Whitcomb Riley.

The illustrations, drawn in the early 1900's, are very characteristic of that period.

LEWIS M. KNAPP.

Williamstown, Mass.

Open for Nomination

SIR:—I am interested in getting together the finest pieces of English prose. I know that there are anthologies on this subject but I should like the reaction of your readers regarding what, in their opinion, are the twelve finest specimens of English prose writing. For convenience we will limit the length of these to fifteen hundred words. Hoping to hear from those who are interested.

HARRY TAYLOR.

Pittsfield, N. H.

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A Clear, Fair Picture of a Revolutionist

DANTON, DICTATOR OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Herman Wendel. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1935. $3.75.

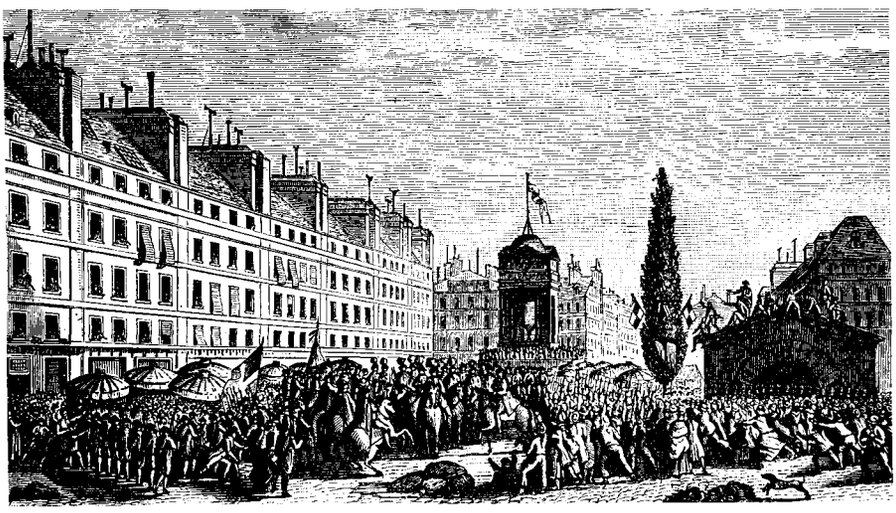
Reviewed by WILBUR CORTEZ ABBOTT

AMONG its many contributions to knowledge and literature for which the Yale University Press deserves the gratitude of the public, is this translation of Wendel's "Danton." That such a book, originally written in German, should have been translated into French, Italian, Dutch, and Portuguese, seems to indicate that it was high time it should appear in English dress. It is, indeed, interesting. Wendel has imagination; he has knowledge; above all, perhaps, he can write. Best of all he knows what he is writing about. Unlike so many writers of the "new biography," he has a bibliography; and, still more unlike them, that bibliography contains not merely printed works but unprinted "sources." Such lists are, indeed, no guarantee that the author has read the books he lists; but no one can read far into this Life without perceiving that Danton's biographer has somehow "got into his period" and that he has found himself at home in it. He knows its characters. He does not merely list their names, he can tell you something about them—and to know the men of a period is the first step toward wisdom in history, however little it is heeded by many writers in that field.

His estimates of them, however subject to criticism, are among the most entertaining passages in his book. Camille Desmoulins, that "mixture of genius and gamin"; Mirabeau, who "towered among his companions like an oak among the undergrowth," though "the core of the tree was dying"; Danton himself, with his "spells of grandiose indolence," Marat, whose "subterranean life among cellar rats had given him scab and shingles," an "overheated fanatic" with an "oily voice"—whatever one may think of what Wendel thinks of them, one must admit that he knows them, and that he has a gift of phrase.

This is not a history of the French Revolution; yet one arrives at the middle of page 259 before he reaches the middle of 1793. It is a life of Danton—and why he should be called the "Dictator" of the Revolution lies between the author and his publishers. To leave Danton out would, of course, be to have no revolution; but he was not the whole of it, nor even, save for a brief period, even the greatest part. What, then, is the conception here set forth of the great revolutionary leader? Was Danton honest? Yes, relatively, even at times absolutely; and as he points out, "the material damaging to Danton has decreased rather than increased," owing to the discovery that some of the original sources were tampered with to Danton's discredit. Was he responsible for the massacres of September? No, says Wendel; that was primarily Marat—who is reported to have said that he would let his right hand wither rather than carry out the decrees he urged others to execute! Danton would have stopped the massacres but he had not the power. Was Danton, as they say, "sincere"? Robespierre was "sincere"—cynics will retort that all fanatics are always "sincere." But Danton was not only a revolutionary leader; was he a statesman? To all these questions Herr Wendel provides an answer; to the greatest problem of all, the great problem of Danton himself, he has given an entertaining reply, couched in terms which if they lack something of what used to be called the "dignity of history," will, unquestionably, appeal to a far wider circle of readers nowadays than statelier periods. That it will have that circle, it is not possible to doubt; that it will add to their knowledge as well as to their entertainment there is equally no doubt; nor that, on the whole, it will provide them with a clear, fair picture of a great revolutionary leader, who for a moment rode the fierce tide of that revolution and, like his fellows, was overwhelmed by it.

W. C. Abbott is professor of European history at Harvard University.



PROCLAMATION OF THE CONSTITUTION, 1791.

In the American Idiom

THE GREEN CORN REBELLION. By William Cunningham. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by ALVAH C. BESSIE

IT is no compliment to Mr. Cunningham's first novel to compare it, as his publisher does, with "the early work of Erskine Caldwell." Where the conversation of Caldwell's two-dimensional characters is almost interchangeable, Mr. Cunningham's figures achieve an individual life; where the "picturesque" language of the Southern writer's people becomes almost invariably a stylized caricature, Mr. Cunningham has captured the authentic American idiom in several of its multifarious manifestations; where Caldwell manipulates his characters in accordance with a preconceived plan, the people who motivate "The Green Corn Rebellion" demonstrate the features of living people, not marionettes. So the resemblance, which is occasionally unmistakable, owes its origins to a comparable locale and probably identical influence: Sherwood Anderson.

The rebellion itself took place in Oklahoma on the occasion of America's entrance into the World War. Oppressed for years by the banks, unable to find a decent market for their crops, consigned to daily drudgery as year followed unproductive year, many farmers were distinctly socialistic in complexion, and it needed only their own awareness of the financio-capitalistic background of the war to force them to resist our entry and, more especially, the selective draft. Possibly a thousand in all took up arms "against the government." They burned bridges, cut fences and telephone poles, destroyed cattle and crops. They took to the open country, intending to march on Washington and enforce their demands, but the attempt proved abortive, many were arrested, and more felt the violence of the town-folks' one hundred percent American gangsterism.

Woven into this narrative are the several stories of individual farmers and their families—revealing their heritage of unmitigated toil, exploitation, and race prejudice. There was Jim Tetley, whose wife Jeannie had fallen a victim to the philosophy of hard work, had driven him and herself, until with considerable remorse he saw her destroy the girl he had loved, and found himself more and more attached to her younger sister Happy. There was Birdie Wellhoff, who died because she could not get the proper food to carry her through her latest pregnancy; there was Bill Johnson, Negro Spanish War veteran who, pressed by privation, accepted his sadistic boss's invitation to eat a dead mouse, on the promise of a full load of grain all for himself. These and many other farmers took to the fields when the call came for action, only to find their leadership fail them, to lose their

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farms, their liberty, and the respect of their more "patriotic" neighbors.

Mr. Cunningham has the material and the talent to write sound fiction; he can command the robust, somewhat bawdy humor that is so typical of American agrarian life, and he can handle pathos. When he has worked his way free of the influences that cause his work to resemble the paradoxically acclaimed fiction of his more limited mentor, he will write it.

Indians to the Life

FIG TREE JOHN. By Edwin Corle. New York: Liveright Publishing Company. 1935. $2.

Reviewed by OLIVER LA FARGE

IN recent years a number of writers, recognizing that Indians as a whole are interesting and complex human beings rather than lay figures in a fictitious history, have produced some little intelligent work about them. Most successful, perhaps, have been the novels written around Apaches—notably Will Levington Comfort's "Apache," which is without exception the most extraordinary and complete projection of the mind into a person of an alien race that any white man has achieved. There is a good reason for the interest of this Apache writing, for those people, notorious in our self-laudatory histories, infamous in our folk-lore, are primarily notable for their intellects, and the keen mind, the philosopher's mind, functioning in warlike savagery offers a fascinating study.

Writing effectively about Apaches calls for a writer with imagination, sensitiveness, and guts. It calls for a real writer. Most of us who tackle Indians can, in the long run and with all our efforts, never do more than circumscribe them. To do that well is hard enough, perhaps impossible. Our Indians come out in the end, as products of the white man's mind, more or less approximating the men whom only the Indians themselves will ever know.

In this latter group, "Fig Tree John" stands high. I think the two Apaches, father and son, in their amazing situation, are sometimes marked with the author's fingerprints. At other times, within the limitations of my perception, they are real Indians made clear. Mr. Corle has taken two of the great possible themes—the functioning of the intellect in savagery, and the adjustment or maladjustment of the Indian to a white world, salted them with action, spiced them with a sound love element, set them against a peculiar and most original background which throws them into sharp relief, and made from the whole a sensitive and delightful story.

His writing is simple, unaffected, and strong. The story has been cleverly ordered; one likes his craft. One does not need to be interested in Indians to like the book.

Oliver La Farge is the author of "Laughing Boy."

Rockwell Kent in Greenland

SALAMINA. By Rockwell Kent. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $3.75.

Reviewed by MARIE AHNIGHITO PEARY

A NEW book by Rockwell Kent is always an event to his large circle of admirers. When the book is about Greenland, this circle is enlarged by the steadily increasing number of people who are interested in the Arctic and its native life. "Salamina" is written in a chatty and familiar style which has the advantage of presenting places and people in an unforgettably vivid manner. It is more than a travel book but makes no pretense of being either scientific or instructive. The author is an artist, not an ethnologist, therefore the story is more concerned with a white man's life among the Eskimos than with an account of the Eskimos themselves.

A ROCKWELL KENT DRAWING FROM "SALAMINA"

Mr. Kent's caption: "This is Beate—whose love I once declined. How she could dance!"

In this connection it is well to remember that one can no more say "The Eskimos do this and the Eskimos do that" than one can make the same statement about the white man. The Eskimos are scattered over Greenland, Labrador, northern Canada, Alaska, and Siberia, and their habits, customs, and personal characteristics vary with each small tribe. The language itself, while fundamentally the same, changes so radically in different tribes as to be almost unintelligible even to such an expert as the late Knud Rasmussen. Therefore, what is true of the Eskimos of the Upernivik region of west Greenland is not necessarily true of the people of east Greenland, or even those of the region north of Upernivik, the true Arctic Highlanders, cut off from all but the slightest contact with the "civilization" of the south, by dreaded Melville Bay, grimly known as "The Graveyard of Ships."

Perhaps it is because of my early familiarity with these, the most northerly inhabitants of the globe, that I do not entirely recognize the characteristics of the Eskimos described by Mr. Kent. Here again, however, it must be realized that "Salamina" is written from the viewpoint of one man. This is important, for it is fairly certain that other men, living among these people just as Kent did, would each have received his own and probably entirely different impressions.

When it comes to descriptions of the country, however, there can be no argument, no differences of opinion. Here Rockwell Kent is at his best, both in his word pictures and in the exquisite wood cuts which head each chapter. In this respect, if in no other, the book will be a revelation to all those who think of Greenland as a desolate, unimpressive island, peopled with uncouth savages. The beauty, the majesty, and the grandeur have always been there, but it has taken Rockwell Kent to recognize and appreciate them, and, what is even better, to capture and bring them home for other less adventurous spirits to see and to enjoy.

Coming to Greenland early one summer, "Kinte," as the Eskimos called him, set to work at once, building his house and preparing for a year's stay. In every possible way he identified himself with the life of the community, setting nets for whales, learning to drive a dog team, attending "kaffemiks" and giving others in return, even quarreling with the local trader. In the spring, the first ship from Denmark brought Mrs. Kent to join her husband, and together they made a round of the various neighboring settlements.

The entire book is full of life, of color, of descriptions of ways and customs that are startlingly out of the ordinary. To some, it will bring the urge to try such an adventure for themselves, but even to those who have no desire to leave their warm fireside and emulate Mr. Kent, there is enough of interest and amusement to make the reading of "Salamina" well worth their while.

Marie Ahnighito Peary, daughter of the discoverer of the North Pole, was born in Greenland, and made her most recent trip to her native land about a year ago when she unveiled a monument in honor of her father. She is the author of several books for children and is widely known as a lecturer.

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Suffering Snakes

SNAKE-HUNTER'S HOLIDAY. By Raymond L. Ditmars and William Bridges. New York: D. Appleton-Century Co. 1935. $3.50.

Reviewed by DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

THERE may be some who read his "Snakes of the World" who will be disappointed to find that the delightful Dr. Ditmars has actually contributed only eleven pages at the start and twenty at the end of this volume. He does no more than introduce with genial informality and at the end summarize the results of the "tropical adventures in search of bats and the bushmaster" which the book records. During the adventures which begin where "the reporter takes up the story" he was not even present.

But let me hasten to add for the sake of both authors, that the reporter of the New York *Sun*, William Bridges, has not ghost-written the book. Dr. Ditmars needs no assistance, and, after this smooth performance, Mr. Bridges will not need Dr. Ditmars's excellent name to find buyers for his books. From the moment that Bridges breaks away from the New York newspaper grind, and flies to the island of Trinidad to be on the spot before Ditmars's gallant young assistant, Arthur M. Greenhall, arrives by steamer, this debonair, humorous, sprighty newspaperman swings us along on the tide of the narrative.

And what narrative! The present reviewer is entirely convinced of its authenticity, for the reporter seems scrupulously to avoid making copy of his situations. Good fictional climaxes are repeatedly missed, in the way that they are missed by anyone who has ever set out as a field naturalist, on the trail of some special sort of quarry. He may indeed start out with a single aim, but he is lucky indeed if he finds his prize; he is wise if he takes anything else that comes his way, whether of valuable specimens or information of significance.

SNAKE-HUNTERS' HOMECOMING
From left: Dr. Greenhall, Dr. Ditmars, Mr. Bridges. Pictures on this page from "Snake-Hunter's Holiday."

DR. DITMARS PHOTOGRAPHS A BUSHMASTER

So these two found out, this inveterate young snake Sherlock, Greenhall, and his faithful Watson, Bridges. They were looking for the deadly bushmaster, a creature as frail as it is justly feared. Snakes are surprisingly easy to kill; their backbones are frangible as thin porcelain. But the bushmaster, it seems, has a vertebral column like eggshell. The ordinary slip-noose by which a snake is caught alive is more than likely to break the bushmaster's precious neck. For precious it is. The New York zoo has had only one bushmaster in the past, and that pined away some time ago.

So these two went bushmastering, beating the tropical bush about and about—and what they actually bagged is inventoried as one fer-de-lance, one anaconda, two marbled rat snakes, two yellow tree boas, one gray tree boa, six boa constrictors, fifteen race-runner lizards, four Orinoco turtles, two tortoises, five giant tree toads, ten giant marine toads, three paradox frogs, seven Dominican frogs, one false coral snake, two vine snakes, two green tree snakes, twelve miscellaneous unidentified snakes, seven bird-eating spiders, one giant centipede, and twenty-two land crabs—a lovely haul.

But did they find a bushmaster? Well, as in reviewing a detective story, it is not fair to tell the outcome. I shall only say that destiny, like a clever author, kept our snake hunters as it does their readers, in suspense to the last moment. And that though this is a light book, I found it so absorbing that I read right on through the index, just to savor once more the curious names and forms, the fabulous places and people.

Donald Culross Peattie is a botanist and the author of several books, including "An Almanac for Moderns" and a life of Audubon, "Singing in the Wilderness."

A Pioneer Story of Daniel Boone's Day

FREE FORESTER. By Horatio Colony. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

WHAT a forest it was! Before it the road ran in open sunshine down through farms and towns to Hillsboro. But behind its Carolina border, over the mountains and down the mountains lay Kentucky and food to be got for the shooting and furs for rum and there were gayer women under the trees than those who annually and dutifully carried full wombs to fill up the frontier for history and solemn old Daniel Boone. Never believe the pioneers went over the mountains to settle a land; they went over instead to escape a land that was already settled. They were the pioneers, the big, free, dancing, lazy men. And it is their forest, from which little land grubbers came to push them, that Horatio Colony has drawn, as it has long needed to be drawn, in "Free Forester."

For some time there has been the grave danger that resolute boy scouts and their Christian scoutmasters had, in addition to burning up potatoes and pork chops in camp fires in public parks, succeeded in wholly obliterating the pagan legend of those true lusty woods fellows, the big fisted Prenches, the Boydleys, the Heckettes, the Harbucks who were as native to our forest frontier as ever any Indians were. Mr. Colony has averted that danger. In the chronicle of young Hardley Boydley and in the noisy company of Esther Harbuck, he has resurrected the lively times of those who lived on the easy frontier, drinking, sleeping with Esther, dancing naked with the Indians and fighting and killing Indians, too. He has minimized no danger. Here are scalps stretched on willow hoops. Here is the gauntlet of murderous squaws. Here are the fires in which young Paul Heckett died. But there is here no solemnity in courage. Certainly no earnestness in settling a nation. Here is the pagan spirit of the forest in American life, the spirit of restless, shiftless, easy freedom which might make a Dillinger when the trees were all cut down.

Mr. Colony has written an extraordinary book. His distinction lies not in any story telling for he has no carefully shaped plot to follow, not in the drawing of any characters, for his folk seem more figures for a scene than men for fate, but in recreating the all but lost American frontier of the day of Boone and Crockett. He has rescued it from formality, freed it from any pattern of purpose, and made it free as the forest should be, and the forester as free as any other live thing in it.

Jonathan Daniels is editor of the Raleigh News and Observer.

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Crucial Moments of Human Fate

FATE CRIES OUT. By Clemence Dane. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THESE nine short stories by a most accomplished novelist and playwright represent a certain type of fiction. In a preface Miss Dane places the type for us. One form of fiction is an act almost entirely of creation; characters and settings are largely imagined. "The very sun and moon that light your creature's path must be imagined, not remembered." But there is another kind of story which serves as a refuge to the writer exhausted by the act of imagining. "By heavenly browses in history and chronicle, folk tale and legend, by note-bookery, even by the final shame of photography, they manage to restore themselves—and enjoy themselves." They can refer the reader, then, to the Bible or the morning paper as source material for the tales they tell.

Miss Dane herself refers us, for the source of her nine tales (which, we gather, have served as a relaxation to her from more strenuous effort) to "Some Account of the Parish of St. Clement Danes," "England under the Angevin Kings," Holinshed, the Chronicles of Matthew Paris, Grimm's Household Tales, and so on. But it takes the eye of a remarkable writer to locate the node of as good stories as these in such books. So good a poet as Keats drew great poems from passages in "The Anatomy of Melancholy" and Boccaccio. In much the same way Miss Dane has, though founding each of her tales on a passage from some other book, achieved genuine recreation in her handling of the suggested material. For two of the queens of whom she treats she goes as far back as Esther and Vashti in the Bible; but Matilda of England and Anne Boleyn and Queen Anne, who took to herself the pseudonym, "Mrs. Morley," and was persecuted by the Duchess of Marlborough, are also here. Death is godfather in another tale, and Frau Holle in still one more—both out of the fearsome works of the Brothers Grimm. The last story is a fantasia flowing around Madame Catalini, the great singer; and the only tale not from a book concerns an elderly clergyman who once actually existed. Miss Dane remembers him from her childhood.

What qualities are to be found in these stories? First, quite notably the recognition of the truly crucial. The title of the book, of course, describes Miss Dane's intention—to take up various lives at the "moment in which his fate cried out to a real living human being." Miss Dane's dramatic gift in handling these moments is also immediately apparent. Again, she has a gift for fantasy, the blending of the real and phantasmal. "Spinsters' Rest" is one of the best of such tales, a story Walter de la Mare would delight in. It reminds me too with what art Miss Dane created an entirely new kind of play in "Come of Age," seen in New York last season and utterly unappreciated by the critics, who must have everything spelled out for them in words of one syllable. I do not know whether few or many people will get so far in the present book as to encounter the peculiar hell in which a great opera singer is imagined as finding herself. But if they do not it is distinctly their loss. For sheer tragedy "The Dearly Beloved of Benjamin Cobb" is a hard story to forget, though that of the little tailor who made mourning for his whole family so that they might be properly dressed to attend his own hanging is uniquely ironical.

Most of these stories are concerned with death, and in one of them he becomes a figure visible to a great surgeon who is indentured to him. If he stands at the head of the bed of a patient that patient dies. But the Snow Queen story—of Matilda—is the story of the acknowledgment of a love-child, "Spinsters' Rest" deals with the deep desire for motherhood, the tale of Mrs. Morley with female jealousy and domination, and the story of the opera star with professional envy.

Having cited these various elements in the book you will see that it is of rich texture. I should not dream of putting it upon the same level with "Broome Stages," and yet these dramatic vignettes are indubitably impressive. But I do not think Miss Dane has quite proved her point about this being an easier method of creation. Only a born artist could have told these particular tales as she has told them!

Norwegian Childhood

THE LONGEST YEARS. By Sigrid Undset. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

JUST why the publishers term this book a novel is difficult to understand, for despite its paraphernalia of fictional names it is straight autobiography. Miss Undset, of course, exercises the novelist's art of selection, choosing her incident with effectiveness and shaping it so as to achieve dramatic emphasis, but her background, her personalities, her happenings are all from her own experience, the emotional crises of her chronicle take on poignance from remembered delight or bitterness, and the narrative gains intensity from the sincerity of its feeling for the figures which live in its pages.

Miss Undset has sketched in it such a childhood as knows no radical differences wherever it is lived,—a childhood passed in pleasant places, wisely guarded and abundantly warmed by parental love, rich in simple pleasures, given purpose by simple duties, and invested with the delight of untrammeled companionship with the young and the gay. And always in the background the elders appear, good people who faced life with earnestness and integrity, with enough of intellectual distinction to lend vivacity to the interests of their children and enough of the Scandinavian love for nature to give them frequent opportunity for mountain or seaside holiday. Among them the child Sigrid, or Ingvald, moves with the passionate interest in life and people which later found reflection in her tales.

SIGRID UNDSET

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

"*** Unique"

BOOKS of genuine rarity and condition still remain among the most solid investments. The Caliph A. Edward Newton remarked the other day "I paid $60,000 for an immaculate First Folio, selling a block of —— —— in order that I might pay for it promptly. The present value of the —— —— I sold is now less than $5000. Query: what does my First Folio stand me?"

And in spite of international broils it's going to be an exciting winter in the Going-Going-Gone business. Last week I happened to be upstairs in a big auction gallery while a sale was going on elsewhere in the building. I didn't even know about the sale: I was looking at some unusual finds that had lately arrived and were being catalogued for a future occasion. The working quarters of an auction house are as alert and responsive as backstage in a theatre; and suddenly among all those bins of ticketed "lots" the word ran round "Fifteen Seventy Five for The Whale." Which meant that Melville's book—an earlier version of *Moby Dick*—had just brought the remarkable price of $1575. Cataloguers laid down their scholarly collations and lit a cigarette to consider this. It sounded like the old era of Jerome Kern.

I may as well explain that my purpose in being there was to have a glimpse of a very odd item—"attractive" would perhaps be the austere cataloguer's technical word for it—connected with our old friend Sir Kenelm Digby. I haven't bothered you about Sir Kenelm for a long time, but you needn't suppose I've forgotten him. Here, beautifully written out by some professional scribe but with numerous corrections in Sir Kenelm's own hand, is a vellum folio containing the letters he wrote to his children, his relatives and intimates, after the death of his wife, the Lady Venetia. And the notably interesting fact is that the amanuensis was evidently the same copyist who engrossed the famous *Private Memoirs* (not published until 1827). I remember once expressing some puzzlement as to whether Sir Kenelm really did write those memoirs himself. Perhaps I shall have to reconsider that: Mr. E. W. Bligh in his delightful book *Sir Kenelm Digby and His Venetia* (London, 1932; I think it has not appeared over here) seems to have no doubt of the authenticity of the memoirs. And odd as they are, K. D. was fantastic enough to make anything possible.

The big vellum letter-book now locked up on 57th Street waiting to take its turn in some forthcoming sale should particularly interest the library at Harvard. For it is the best rebuttal yet to hand of the unpleasant rumor that Sir Kenelm's "Viper Wine for the Complection" caused Venetia's death. Here, in his own innermost vein, are moving and lengthy essays on his lady's virtues. The first letter, "To my three sonnes Kenelme, John & George," an attempt to fix upon the "tender and slippery memories of childhood the character of their mother," is no less than 68 folio pages. The whole series, written in K.D.'s period of grieving retirement at Gresham College immediately after Venetia's death (1633), has a convincing eloquence of sincerity. A bit longwinded I admit, but Sir Kenelm could be longwinded about anything. The "solemn

SIR KENELM DIGBY, *by Van Dyck*

assembly" at Montpellier which listened to his Discourse of the Sympathetic Powder may well have been solemn before he had finished. Yet those who slept missed some excellent anecdotes.

But why, I hear someone asking, should Harvard be interested? Because Sir Kenelm was one of the earliest benefactors of the Harvard Library. The ancient theological books which he sent them were destroyed in a fire (1764 or 1765?); and oddly enough the same happened to books he gave to Oxford—an example, Mr. Bligh suggests, of his doctrine of Sympathy. He also gave 50 oak trees to the Bodleian Library, and it would be pleasant to think that they still form part of those ancient shelves and alcoves. Do any records still exist at Harvard of Sir Kenelm's gift—which we know of only by a hearsay allusion in the works of pious Richard Baxter. At any rate the legend is a pleasant one, and some friend of the great Widener Library should see to it that this unedited curiosity from the seventeenth century reaches its most appropriate destination. It well deserves the annotation that sympathetic cataloguers sometimes employ: "*** UNIQUE."

As for Mr. Bligh, a Digbyolater like ourself, he will certainly wish to visit this country to see the manuscript. His book is written in the gayest and most fetching humor; he quite sees the comic side of laborious pursuit of so quicksilver a creature, and yet—as happens to all devotees of Sir Kenelm—he ends by loving him. He quotes letters that were never in print before; K.D.'s anecdote about the naiveté of St. Francis deserves reprint but I don't quite dare. . . . Best of all I like Bligh's admission that he and three friends met at an inn (the famous Spread Eagle at Thame) to drink to the memory of Venetia. There's plenty of testimony that (in the modern jargon) she had what it takes. As Master Shallow used to say (in the most humane piece of writing in our language, *King Henry the Fourth*) "She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?"

I think she does.

News from Ecuador

A delightful letter from Guayaquil, Ecuador, tells us that Chimborazo the great mountain is more often visible from that city than we had supposed. B. C. writes:—

"From one room in my home, on the Boulevard, which faces on the Plaza Centenario, and a most satisfying view, I look out toward the hill of Santa Ana and Chimborazo every day at teatime, and have discovered that Chim. is visible far more frequently than people imagine. In June and July, she may appear in all her glory, all day, about eight or nine times, but during the remainder of the year, the curtain of mist is often lifted for a few brief moments in the sunset hour. Perhaps one only sees a luminous gold tipped peak for a second or two but often the fates are kind and she unveils completely, for a few moments, and what a marvellous sight! A moment of blazing flame and gold which quickly fades to rose and silver—then all too soon the clouds descend, the vision disappears and one wonders if it wasn't a beautiful dream.

"Did you see Guayaquil in her most prideful hour—the sunset, when its shabbiness is mantled under a glow of gold, a fresh breeze called "Chanduey bueno" springs up, the gente come out to take the air and it is good to be alive?

"You may read something of Ecuadorian news in your daily paper. If so you will see the reign of Velasco Ibarra was of short duration like that of his predecessors. As I write, the streets are full of

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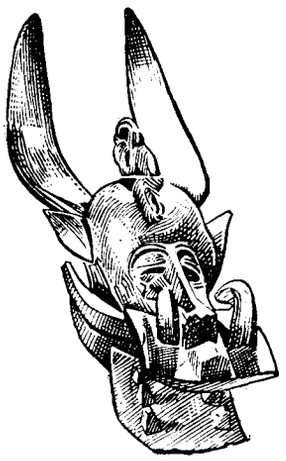

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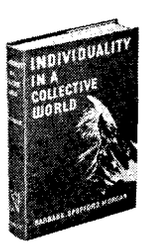

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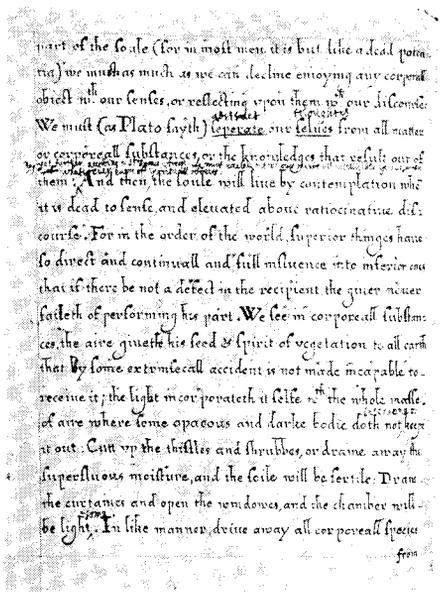

part of the soule (for in most men it is but like a dead potentia) we muche as we can declyne enioyinge any corporall obiect wth our senses, or reflecting vpon them wth our discourse. We muste (as Plato sayth) seperate our soules from all matter or corporeall substances, or the knowledges that result out of them: And then the soule will liue by contemplation whe it is dead to sense, and elevated aboue ratiocinatiue discourse. For in the order of the world superior thinges haue so direct and continuall and full influence into inferior ons that if there be not a defect in the recipient the giuer neuer faileth of performing his part. We see in corporeall substances, the aire giueth his seed & spirit of vegetation to all earth that by some extrinsecall accident is not made incapable to receiue it; the light in corporateth it selfe wth the whole matte. of aire where some opacous and darke bodie doth not keep it out. Cutt vp the bushes and shrubbes, or driue away the superfluous moisture, and the soile will be fertile. Draw the curtaines and open the windowes, and the chamber will be light. In like manner, driue away all corporeall species from

PAGE FROM K.D.'S LETTER BOOK
Courtesy American Art Association.

parading enthusiasts who loudly "Viva" the favourite of the moment—communications with the capital is cut off and railway service discontinued—and, even as I write these words, the soldiers have fired on the crowd and people are running and screaming in all directions. We are so used to these disturbances. They do not arouse any fear."

Hail Minnesota

As we enter the winter season we always ask the Business Department whether anything exciting has happened in the ranking of our First Ten States. (In the matter of *Saturday Review* subscriptions, obviously.) The first nine of them stand in the same order as they did a year ago: Connecticut, energized by her tercentennial, still holds the lead she regained over Michigan, but keeps it by a very small margin. Only 36 new Wolverine subscriptions would overhaul the Nutmeg. How about it, Detroit?

The news item however is that Minnesota has pushed out Wisconsin for 10th place. The standing now is:—New York, California, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, Michigan, Minnesota.—The runners-up are Wisconsin and Indiana.

Notice to Mariners

SIR: For downright exciting and imaginative literature may I recommend the "Notice to Mariners," published weekly by the Hydrographic office. It is the only direct benefit I receive from the taxes I pay my government.

It consists of collected official bulletins from all over the world, noting the changes in buoyage, lights, channels, the discovery of uncharted reefs, etc. What is more stimulating to read, for example, than this: "First officer —— of the Japanese S. S. —— reports that the island shown on the chart as —— island in lat —— long —— does not exist. It will be expunged." Or that the lighthouse at —— will be discontinued. Why? That is never told, so a whole evening of speculation is ahead of you. Perhaps the Japanese don't want visitors at that particular island any more, so what more charming way to avoid an "incident" and yet maintain their purpose. Who wants to go to an island that is about to be expunged?

RICHARD K. HAWES.
Westport Harbor, Mass.

Eminent Misjudgements

Looking up some allusions to Coleridge I turned to a favorite old book *The Maclise Portrait Gallery*. The 1891 edition, annotated by William Bates, contains a footnote which I had forgotten, and which I prize in my cedar-chest of eminent misjudgements. (Professor Pattee's comment, in 1915, on Emily Dickinson, is another.)

Mr. Bates, discoursing on Goethe, found opportunity to make some comments on what he considered fake poetry—his own phrase is "superfoetations of conceit upon inanity"—which "have brought burning disgrace upon the sacred name of poetry."

"Take, for instance," he wrote, "the notable 'Walt Whitman' hoax. An eminent literator, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, laid a cunning plot to test the gullibility of the public in matters of taste and criticism. He dug up an American 'poet' who had never written a word of poetry in his life; and who, in all he had written, was bombastic, coarse, conceited, and irreverent, or generally meaningless. He reprinted him in England and engaged some really clever fellows to aid the scheme by unstinted laudation. The bait took. Men who had never read Washington Irving or Whittier echoed the cuckoo-cry, and 'Walt Whitman' was the noblest Transatlantic 'tone' yet heard! Professor Bayne, in an able article in the *Contemporary Review* (December 1875) pretty well shook the bran out of the puppet 'poet'; but the impetus he got at starting still carries him on, and like a spent ball, he may yet roll on languidly for a time."

J. M. A. (Tokyo, Japan) submits a puzzle which he says has given some amusement to the American colony in that city. As follows:—

Persons	*Positions*
Mr. Brown	President
Mr. Fienberg	Vice-President
Mr. O'Shaughnessy	Cashier
Mrs. Johnson	Teller
Miss Gordon	Bookkeeper
Miss Leonard	Stenographer

The Vice President is the President's grandson. The Cashier is the Stenographer's son-in-law. The teller is Miss Gordon's stepsister. Mr. Brown is a bachelor. Mr. Fienberg is 25 years old. Mr. O'Shaughnessy is the President's neighbor.

The problem is to determine which person has which position.

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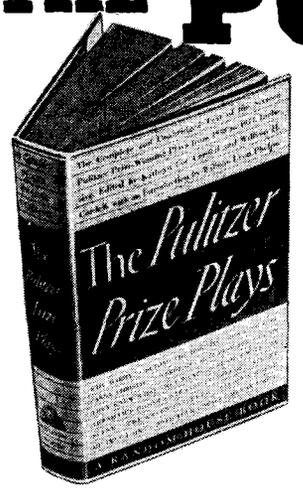

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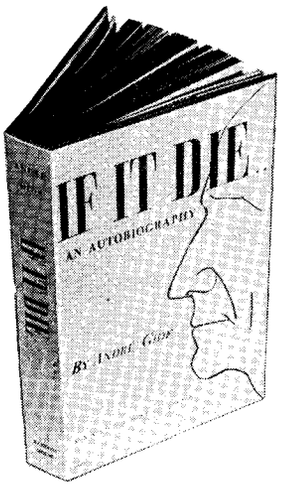

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Primitive Christianity

A HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN THOUGHT. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. Volume I: Early and Eastern. Volume II: The West from Tertullian to Erasmus. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 each.

Reviewed by WILLARD L. SPERRY

SOME one has said that on the evening of a day of battle naked facts may be picked up anywhere, lying about on the field, but that by the next morning they have begun to get back into their uniforms. The historian is forever seeking the naked fact, and his main difficulty is to get the uniform off. This difficulty is enhanced for the simple reason that the uniform worn by the fact, as it first presents itself to his observing mind, is one which the historian's own temperament, prejudices, and native preferences have imputed to the fact.

Schweitzer has made this clear, as it concerns the figure of Jesus, in his "Quest of the Historical Jesus." That book leaves little to be said hereafter as to the historical method addressed to the study of the central figure in the Gospels. Meanwhile the immediate centre of theological interest has shifted to the years following the death of Jesus, and we are now engaged in a Quest of Primitive Christianity. For all of these earlier centuries, Harnack's "History of Dogma" has been the pattern and manual of the modern study of Christian thought. But Harnack's attempt to recover the naked ancient fact is vitiated at certain points, as in his treatment of Marcion, by a native predilection for Paulinism.

The first and most important thing to be said of Professor McGiffert's two recent volumes is the distinct gain which they make over Harnack in a thoroughgoing dispassionateness. The rigors of the historian's self-discipline have been brought nearer to perfection here than in any familiar available work of its kind. This is their signal excellence.

Let it be said at once that Professor McGiffert's opening chapter on the life and teaching of Jesus cannot be wholly adequate. Dispassionateness, as Schweitzer has shown, is unable to recover the figure because the sources are too meagre and obscure. Moreover, the origins of genius, let alone the operations of the supernatural, lie outside the proper sphere of the historian's inquiry. Nevertheless one feels that Professor McGiffert has done something to sharpen the focus.

The next act discovers an ethical mystery religion, a distinct "Christianity," at Antioch. This Christian mystery differed from the pagan mysteries in an ethical emphasis which was its direct heritage from Judaism, and which remained its historical bond with Judaism. This mystery was offered to a world which was already being propagandized by pagan mysteries and which felt an increasing hunger for immortality. Here, if anywhere, Professor McGiffert, like all scholars working on this period, must rely in part upon hypothesis to supply the "missing link" between the primitive gospel and nascent Catholicism. The real question is, where did Paul get his Christ-mysticism? And Antioch seems the only answer. As for the account of a pagan world overrun with mystery missioners and hungering for immortality, it must be said that not all classical historians consent to this convention, which has been very familiar in recent histories of dogma.

For the rest, Professor McGiffert's first volume is significant in that material for the next three centuries is organized around a critical axiom which brings order out of what is too often chaos. The author realizes that the "ethico-legal and the mystical are the two permanent elements in historic Christianity." The theologians and controversialists of the early centuries are interpreted as they incline to the one or the other of these positions, and the otherwise all but unintelligible Christological controversies of the fourth and fifth centuries reveal their basic rationale. Much has been done here, by invoking this premise, to clarify what is too often a hopelessly confused record.

In his second volume Professor McGiffert turns from the Christianity of the East to that of the West. The former had issued in the orthodox faith, that of the Nicene Creed and the Definition of Chalcedon. The latter, drawing upon the genius of Rome for institutions and for the governing of men, was to elaborate the doctrine of the Church.

This story is told in a succession of brief biographies; Tertullian, Cyprian, Augustine, Gregory the Great, Scotus Eriugena, Anselm, Abelard, Bernard of Clairvaux, Francis of Assisi, Thomas Aquinas, Duns Scotus, Eckhart, Erasmus. The medium is a happy one, and in place of the abstract doctrines of the East we have this roster of vivid individuals in the West. The felt difference between the two halves of the history is something more than a matter of the later date of these men who made the Roman Church. It is a difference of culture. Dr. McGiffert concludes:

> Had it not been for Luther and the Protestant Revolt such a simple, ethical Christianity as that of Erasmus might well have prevailed within the Catholic Church alongside of such a mystical Christianity as that of Eckhart. In that event while Catholic dogma might have remained untouched and sacrosanct it would have ceased to dominate the religious situation and to restrain the free working of the human mind. But the Protestant revolt made all this impossible. It brought dogma to the front again. . . .

Himself an enemy of dogmatism, our author seems to cherish a wistful desire that Christianity might have persisted as the ethics of Erasmus and the mysticism of Eckhart. He voices no outspoken preference, but leaves us to infer that he shares with Melancthon a distaste for that "madness of the theologians" which raged in the sixteenth century and which is not yet abated.

Abbé Ernest Dimnet,

author of The Art of Thinking, says of For Life: "All the novels written by Mrs. Colby show a curious characteristic: they are real, sometimes realistic, and—when the author chooses—no one's acid bites so deeply into the human reality, but everything in these books is bathed in a strange light . . . the scenes going on in them seem to be made magical by an enchanted moonlight. . . . You doubt nothing, question nothing . . . the result of extremely artistic selection is that every now and then a perfectly simple notation gives us the shiver of admiration." $2.50

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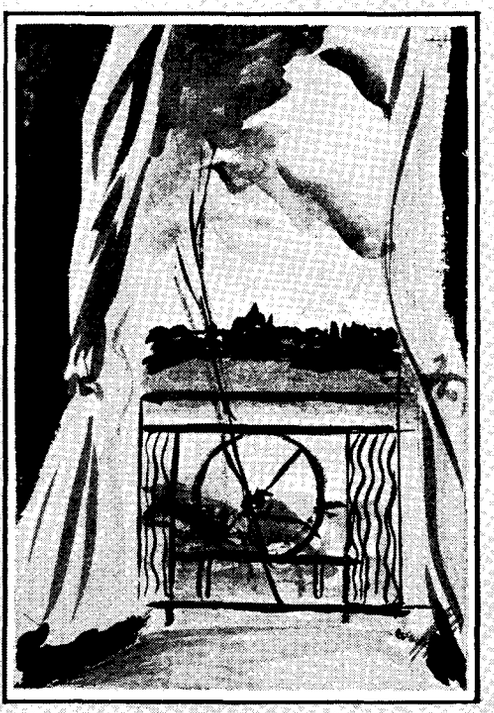

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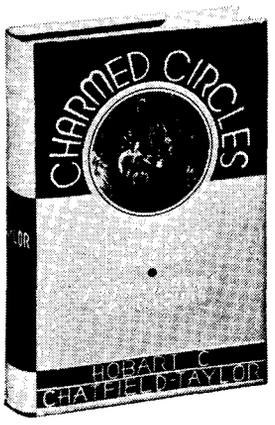

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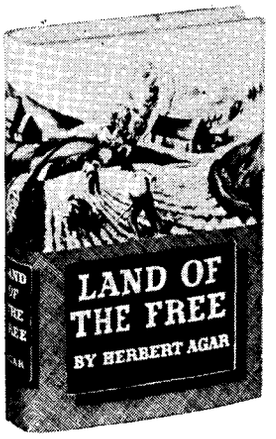

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BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE motto of The Heritage Press, Inc., of 551 Fifth Avenue, is "The classics which are our heritage from the past, in editions which will be the heritage of the future." Three prominent booksellers, Cedric Crowell, Frank Magel, and A. Kroch are on the board of directors; the other directors are George Macy and Harold Riegelman of the Limited Editions Club. The Heritage Press is taking the lead in offering to booksellers in New York State a contract based upon the Fair Trade Agreement developed by the American Booksellers Association. Under this agreement, which is in turn based on the Feld-Crawford Fair Trade Act recently passed by the New York legislature, the booksellers are to maintain the retail prices set by the publishers. The Heritage Press announces further that its first series of books, which are to be published on the first of November, will be sold at five dollars a copy. The titles are: "David Copperfield," "The Song of Songs," "The Scarlet Letter," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Shropshire Lad," and "Manon Lescaut."

Happy Days, the official weekly publication of the Civilian Conservation Corps, is coöperating with The Bobbs-Merrill Company in announcing a CCC Book Competition in which they undertake to guarantee a minimum return of five hundred dollars for the manuscript which best fulfils certain conditions. These conditions are too long to set down here, so I refer you to *Mr. D. A. Cameron* of The Bobbs-Merrill Company for further particulars. . . . *Margaret Deland's* autobiography which Appleton-Century will soon publish has the delightful title of "If This be I: As I Suppose it Be," a title suggested by Mrs. Deland's coming across an old photograph of herself as a child. . . .The following poem has been sent me by *Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff*. Her quotations concerning it are that of *Weisman*, "Life began as female," and that of *Freud*, "The only peace for man is a return to the mother-being." Much as Man may squirm and hate that, causing *Clarence Day* to draw pictures of his squirmings and squeakings, there seems to be something in it. Anyway, give a lady a chance to speak up for the significance of her own sex. The poem is called:

MOTHER-SOURCE

Return to your natal source, oh soul,
Immersed again in primal splendor,
Merged, released, assuaged
In strength and succor,
Calm abundance of dark quietude,
Life's fever quenched,
Stress of reality
Stilled forever in the original fount—
The quintessential being. . . .

Gene, chromosome, the progenitors,
In the soothing vortex plunge, oh soul,
In the multiple warmth and solace
Healed hallowed and expanded.
Kind encircling compassion,
Cradle of unconscious being,
Soft embrasure of the womb—
Embowelled repletion,—
(Holocaust ended)
No more hurtling and abrasion

In the resplendent chamber of the body. . .
Rich loam will house at last
Weary limbs and senses
But a bridge to greater expansion—
Dust the transmutation
To the vast eternal surcease:
The imperishable Mother-source. . . .

In a new book, "Fan Mail," just published by Dodge Publishing Company of 116 East 16th Street, *Lowell Thomas* has selected about three hundred and fifty letters from a correspondence received over a period of five years. His fan mail has actually run as high as fifty thousand letters a day! . . . Get *S. Foster Damon's* "Amy Lowell: A Chronicle" on November first. It is published by Houghton Mifflin. It is a most interesting account of one of the most extraordinary writers of our time. . . . Since Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has bought for the talkies *Sinclair Lewis's* "It Can't Happen Here," we may be likely eventually to see a film that will have some bearing upon the exciting and extraordinary present state of the world. As an addict of the pictures I sometimes marvel that about the only hint one gets of what is really happening in our time is from the Newsreels. Most of the stories in the films are the same old vapid stuff. I was pleasantly shocked in a recent picture to hear an archaeologist (a character in the story) turn on a cocktail-drinking Park Avenue polo-player and remark that he knew a lot of people who, if they ever had enough money to possess a polo-pony, would use it for food! . . . But that item must have slipped in by mistake! . . . The English critics seem recently to have been upset over the fact that *Evelyn Waugh* has been writing a life of the Jesuit martyr *Edmund Campion*. The general feeling was that this brilliant and flippant young writer had been "got at" by the Jesuits. But the fact is that Edmund Campion was brilliant himself, and is still possessed of vitality. Anyway, Sheed & Ward, the Catholic publishers, publish the book this month and you can get it and judge for yourself! . . . Selected Authors Representatives, 53 East 11th Street (with affiliations in Hollywood and London), are in a position to extend their personal services to a few more authors. No reading fee is charged. *Shirley Goliard*, who sends me this information, says she might have worded that last statement "Fee? Nix!" . . . A man whose name is *Clemens* canceled his order for a first edition copy of "Mark Twain's Notebook," published October 10th by Harper's. He wrote: "I have seen an advance copy and it contains such objectionable matter that I cannot have the book in my house; and if Harper's want to know chapter and page where it offends, please refer them to me." . . . And still I

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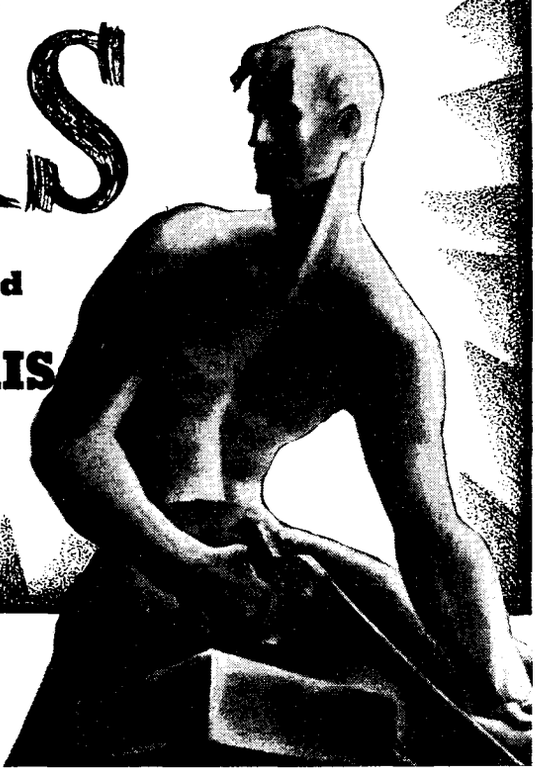

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think *Samuel Langhorne* was a good guy of the same name! . . . *Clifford Gessler* tells me that there is a somewhat neglected field for collectors, as well as for those interested in Polynesian ethnology and other scientific subjects, in the publications of the Bishop Museum of Honolulu. Several items now out of print command a premium, such things as *David Malo's* "Hawaiian Antiquities" being virtually unobtainable. The museum meanwhile adds to its list of publications. The recent Mangareva expedition to the South Seas will result in manuscripts from several members. An effort is being made to reissue "Ancient Hawaiian Civilization" published originally as a series of lectures by the Kamehameha Schools and set up and printed in the school's own plant. It went out of print soon after its publication two years ago. . . . That verse-business *Gelett Burgess* started in this department has had reverberations as far as the Coast. We can only thank *George Frisbee* and also *Leota Wheeler Keis* of Los Angeles for their own alliterative, assonantal, and participial examples of verse. We have not room now to print their contributions. . . . *Constance Holme* is one of the few contemporary writers to be included in the *World's Classics* (Oxford University Press). She received the Femina-Vie Heureuse Prize of 1920-21 for "The Splendid Fairing." Her new seventh novel, in the *World's Classics,* is "Beautiful End."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 82)

THOMAS MOORE—"RHYMES ON THE ROAD"

The more I've viewed this world, the more I've found,
That, filled as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,
A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.

Society and the Poetic Method

PERMANENCE AND CHANGE. By Kenneth Burke. New York: The New Republic Series. 1935. $1.

Reviewed by EDGAR JOHNSON

FROM the babble dealing with the need of reorientation in the modern world, this work emerges as one of the important books of our day. Remote from the shallow iconoclasm that seeks to create a new world out of protoplasm, it is equally far from the Toryism that under cover of a philosophic respect for tradition would bind us in chains. Fifteen years ago, in "Tradition and the Individual Talent," Mr. T. S. Eliot perceived the relationship of interdependence Mr. Burke here elaborates, but far less richly and thoroughly, and having perceived it he promptly retreated from it. Burke, however, enlarges the subject immediately into one of sociological and philosophic significance. He relates the poetic method to the whole of life. He brings the mechanistic and the poetic interpretations of life into a triumphant synthesis, and shoots a brilliant light into the future of modern society.

The problem Mr. Burke deals with in "Permanence and Change" is whether modern society can achieve a unified purpose, and how such a purpose can be found. Every page of his book is packed with fruitful reflection and luminous definition. In a few incisive pages he destroys the nonsensical use of "escape" and "rationalization" as terms of abuse for orientations we disagree with—labels that are themselves escapes from the rigors of analysis. All orientations grow out of past experience and training, in the effort to deal more effectively with our problems. They consequently function sometimes as blindness, "trained incapacity," in dealing with new problems. Being products of motive and desire, orientations grow "de-universalized" and uncertain when society becomes, like ours, heterogeneous and unstable. Hence their disorder and chaos, which makes all communication difficult. For when people's interests are so unrelated, language itself is sapped of its richness of appeal, words mean different things to different people. Only by remolding orientations so as to stress communion, communication, coöperation, may the common basis of feeling and action in man be made luminous and persuasive.

Existing values, however, not only sustain each other, but are surrounded by "pieties" of feeling that make them resist such change. Not the religious enthusiasts alone, but the business man, the scientist, the gangster, the drug fiend, are thus caught in a circle of associations that hallows their beliefs and habits. To convert them to new beliefs a technique that Burke calls "perspective by incongruity" must be employed. We break down old conceptions by translating them into an incongruous vocabulary which shows that it was not "reality" we were describing hitherto, but only a stereotype derived from an arbitrary point of view. Nietzsche did this in philosophy, for example, by reorienting Christianity as a "slave morality"; Spengler does it in history by a new concept of the "contemporaneous" employing seriously paradoxes like "Arabian Puritanism," and scientists like Eddington in physics by the hyphenation of space-time.

If we approach the chaotic infinity of modern scientific "fact" with the motive, then, of seeing connection between things rather than separation, many of the hard-and-fast divisions of our ideas break down. Egoism, for example, is seen to spring out of and be fed by our awareness of others (altruism), and concern for our own advantage will often lead to acts making for their welfare. Constructive and predatory behavior grow from the same roots: a bird's nest, which shelters the bird, and enables it to compete more fiercely with other birds, can hardly be distinguished from a weapon. Organism and environment, cause and effect, are similar concepts usually interpreted as separate but really continuous. Likewise with motive and situation: to *move* a man to another course, we redefine the *situation.* And thus, any effort to find ultimate *unity of motive* for man involves "defining the cosmic situation, and man's place in it." Only so can we utilize our resources "for the end of humane living." No abstract can do justice to the subtlety, the concentration, and the richness with which these ideas are elaborated. The mass of learning Burke has arrayed, synthesized, and modulated from one realm into another shows impressively that an exceptional, capable mind can, after all, grasp even the enormous complexity of modern society and see it whole. He develops a program one can genuinely respect, and provides it with force and validity.

Edgar Johnson is a lecturer on criticism at the New School for Social Research in New York City.

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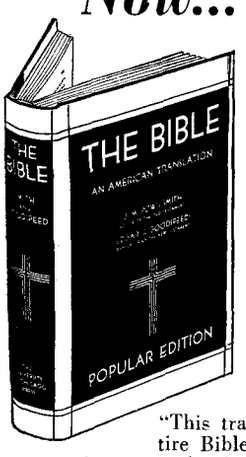

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The New Books

Art

THE ART OF AQUATINT. By B. F. Morrow. Putnams. 1935. $3.50.

Aquatint is simply the handling of a copperplate by any means so that the print will give the effect of a more or less granular wash. Since prints that resemble wash drawings may be made far more easily, and probably just as effectively by lithography or mezzotint, aquatint has some look of a stunt. At least it is a stunt that has appealed to such accomplished print makers as Frank Short, Arthur B. Davies, Mary Cassatt, Earl Horter, and C. W. R. Nevinson. One may not quarrel with the artist who prefers the more arduous way. Except for color printing, Dr. Morrow's technical survey is succinct and reasonably complete. He plans a handbook for the practising aquatinter and largely omits historic and esthetic considerations. The forty-four reproductions are from contemporary or very recent prints. Frequently the maker of the print describes his procedure. As for the illustrations, there could be no worse way of reproducing aquatint than the half-tone process. This may seem a necessary evil in a relatively inexpensive book, but surely ten good collotypes would be more useful to the student than four times the number of prints badly veiled by the half-tone web. The style is heavy and not always clear. As the first complete description of the aquatint processes available in English, the book is valuable. One must hope for a second edition with necessary revision of the text and with reproductions that tell of the finesses of the most difficult of graphic processes.

F. J. M.

Fiction

RUSSIA LAUGHS. By Mikhail Zostchenko. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 1935. $2.

Mikhail Zostchenko is one of the most popular short story writers in Soviet Russia. The present volume will probably puzzle many a sympathetic reader and cause the prejudiced one to chuckle with delight. The characters, no matter what social station they occupy, all live in a stifling atmosphere of prejudice and stupidity, in fact, these traits are constantly emphasized by the author. Usually he merely states the facts and steps aside, leaving the reader to find out for himself the "moral" of the story.

Despite the dark coloring there is no traditional Russian pessimism present. The author is intentionally merciless in

(*Continued on page* 27)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE GARDEN MURDER CASE *S. S. Van Dine* (Scribners: $2.)	Gentleman gambler with ten grand on handicap, gets shot in N. Y. apartment under Philo Vance's nose.	Treatise on turf technicalities obscures weak mystery, while Philo does a poor imitation of Reggie Fortune.	Garden is pale Greene
THE CASE OF THE CHINESE GONG *Christopher Bush* (Henry Holt: $2.)	Several poor nephews, all hating rich uncle, on spot when nunky pops violently off. Ludovic Travers saves day.	Mr. Travers, usually beguiling, flounders badly in toils of rather ponderous and too-mechanical tale.	Prosy
THE INVERNESS MURDERS *Charles Alma Beyers* (Dial Press: $2.)	First the dogs, then the housekeeper's husband, then the young marster. Warren Bayne quells Hollywood hecatomb.	Poisoned darts and deadly Burmese warnings presage very old vintage but it finally jells quite respectably.	Average
THE NORWICH VICTIMS *Francis Beeding* (Harpers: $2)	Wealthy spinster and two men perish at hands of Protean killer. The Yard gits him.	No mystery about most of it and it's none too credible but the way it's told is excellent.	Thrillstery* **cf. brillig and slithy*
ENTER CRAIG KENNEDY *Arthur B. Reeve* (Macaulay: $2.)	Monsters of frightful mien confront Mr. Kennedy in horrendous house on Hudson. But they quail, brother, they quail.	Walking corpses: Mechanical Man: Ditto Dog: Insane Medico: Bodless Headies: Screams: Yells: Groans—	Mamma!!
TERROR AT COMPASS LAKE *Tech Davis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Chauffeur and employer die. Aubrey Nash solves summer camp killings against time.	Plenteous action, attractive setting, unobtrusive sleuthing, and one of the most-killed corpses on record.	Enjoyable

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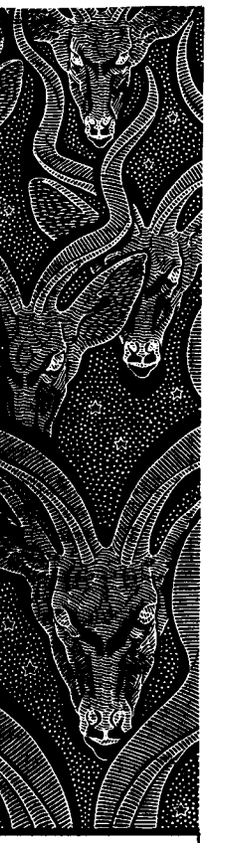

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author of "The Casino Murder Case," etc.

Death strikes twice in a group of horseracing devotees and Philo Vance meets the cleverest, most ruthless criminal in his career. $2.00

Laughter Out of the Ground *by* Robin Lampson

A "novel in cadence" recording in brilliant, vivid chapters the Argonauts and the great days of '49 in California. $2.50

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"To the . . group of readers who valued 'South Moon Under' for its beauty, richness and sympathy, as well as to those who come at it fresh, it brings an original and stirring story."

Mary Ross in The N. Y. Herald Tribune

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The Clearing House

CONDUCTED BY AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be directed to Miss Loveman, in care of The Saturday Review.

A BALANCED RATION FOR A WEEK'S READING

ALL PASSION SPENT. By V. Sackville West. *Doubleday, Doran.*

CHARACTER AND OPINION IN THE UNITED STATES. By George Santayana. *Scribners.*

MEN AND MEMORIES. By Sir William Rothenstein. *Coward-McCann.*

Books on Literary Criticism

R. S. of West Salem, Ohio, *wants a list of books on literary criticism. "I do not," he says, "want merely good books, but books that are classics per se, or are standard works in their field."*

ONE of the most eminent critics America has produced was William Brownell who died a few years ago. Two of his works, at least, CRITICISM and STANDARDS (Scribners), should be among those which R. S. takes up for study, for in them he will find the discussion of criticism as an independent art, with a criterion and methods of its own, set forth by a philosophic and keenly analytic mind. There's another work, now out of print but to be found in libraries, which falls directly in the field of R. S.'s studies, and that is AN INTRODUCTION TO THE METHODS AND MATERIALS OF LITERARY CRITICISM (Ginn), by Charles M. Gayley and Fred Newton Scott. This is a discussion of its bases in esthetics and poetics. I should, before I finished my sentence on Brownell, have mentioned another book of his, enlightening and suggestive as it is, THE GENIUS OF STYLE (Scribners), which though not on criticism, feeds, of course, directly into any rationale of the art. Matthew Arnold's ESSAYS IN CRITICISM (Macmillan) are too well known to need comment. An interesting book, presenting various facets of criticism, is the symposium entitled CRITICISM IN AMERICA, ITS FUNCTIONS AND STATUS (Harcourt, Brace), and another which will repay careful study is Norman Foerster's TOWARD STANDARDS; A STUDY OF THE PRESENT CRITICAL MOVEMENT IN AMERICAN LETTERS (Farrar & Rinehart). Henry Hazlitt's recent ANATOMY OF CRITICISM (Simon & Schuster), which is cast in trialogue form, is a rather elementary but a comprehensive discussion of the problems which confront the reviewer perhaps rather than the higher critic. As for works which have most bearing on the criticism of fiction the most valuable are those which are primarily studies of the novelist's art. It is only, of course, by knowing what are the canons of fiction, what are the hurdles which its writers have to take, and what are the varieties which it can assume that a critic can pretend to any competence in its analysis. In this connection R. S. should find most stimulating such works as Percy Lubbock's THE CRAFT OF FICTION (Scribners), Edith Wharton's THE WRITING OF FICTION (Scribners), E. M. Forster's ASPECTS OF THE NOVEL (Harcourt, Brace), and Bliss Perry's THE STUDY OF PROSE FICTION (Houghton Mifflin). And certainly R. S. ought to read C. E. Montague's "A Writer's Notes on His Craft" (Doubleday, Doran), a most illuminating book.

History of Germany

M. E. M. of Richmond Hill, L. I. *wants a history of Germany which will include something of its cultural development.*

George Peabody Gooch's GERMANY (Scribners) is just the book she needs. It is the work of a sound and thorough scholar, who writes with the scholar's objectivity but with liveliness and direction, and who has combined political and cultural history in his chronicle. The first part of the book outlines the history of the German people up to the World War, and the second is a study of social and intellectual forces which have been at play since the struggle.

The Short Story

R. J. W. of Elizabeth, N. J., *has been assigned the subject of the "Growing Importance of the Short Story" for a twenty minute talk to her club, and what with one thing and another finds herself puzzled as to her treatment of it.*

As it happened just before I picked up R. J. W.'s letter, I chanced to be glancing through the leaflet, *Manuscript News*, which the magazine, *Manuscript*, has recently put out. The leading feature of the issue is an article on the short story by one of its practitioners, Meridel LeSueur, which begins:

> The short story since Katherine Mansfield has been marked by a curious somnambulance of style, geographic removal in space and time, a romantic evasion and psychic equivocation which seems to suggest that life is cruel and bitter and memory is literature.

Proceeding to develop her thesis Miss LeSueur calls attention to its exemplification in *Story Magazine* and the O'Brien collections. It struck me in reading R. J. W.'s letter that she might be wise in connection with her paper to spend a little time reading *Story* and examining one or two of the O'Brien volumes as a means of getting orientation on the short story writing of the day and those who are finding the greatest favor in the practice of it. To place her subject in historical perspective she will find extremely useful the introduction to THE STUDY OF THE SHORT STORY (Holt), by our own *Saturday Review* editor, Henry Seidel Canby, which has just this year been issued in a new edition brought up to date by Alfred Dashiell, and Fred Lewis Pattee's THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY (Harpers), which has since its publication some years

WRITE YOUR OWN TICKET

Next week, the Editors of *The Saturday Review* are going to experiment with an entirely new idea in which every reader of the magazine will have the opportunity to take part. Watch for the full-page announcement—"Write Your Own Ticket."

Don't Miss the November 2nd Issue of
THE SATURDAY REVIEW

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ago been a standard work on the subject. Twenty minutes is such a scant allowance of time, that I am afraid that R. J. W. will have to make her address very general, and merely mention with briefest characterization the outstanding exponents of the short story art. It might be interesting for her purposes if she could get hold of an old copy of the *Smart Set* (or, on second thought, get the SMART SET ANTHOLOGY published last year with an introduction by Burton Rascoe) and contrast the type of fiction that appeared there with that which is now being published by *Story*.

Tendencies in Contemporary Poetry

J. A. F. Jr., of New York City *wants to know of some books published within the past two years dealing with tendencies in contemporary poetry.*

He will find a discussion, interesting but open to much difference of opinion, in J. H. A. Sparrow's SENSE AND POETRY: ESSAYS ON THE PLANE OF MEANING IN CONTEMPORARY VERSE (Yale University Press), and further description of the trend of present-day verse in MORE POWER TO POETS (Harrison), by Lucia Trent and Edward Ralph Cheney.

More Stories for Children

Gertrude W. Page of Los Angeles writes, apropos of my recent suggestions to L. A. S. of Helena, Ark., in regard to stories to tell to children: "May I suggest two more collections of children's stories that, with my own children, twenty-five years ago, I found invaluable? And to this day references to them crop up in the family. The Little Jackal in the Hindu folk tales will never be forgotten, nor the Little Half Chick, nor Little Epaminondas and his Auntie. The books are 'Stories to Tell to Children' (1907) and 'How to Tell Stories to Children' (1905), by Sara Cone Bryant, published in the Riverside Press edition by Houghton Mifflin Co."

The New Books

(*Continued from page 24*)

denouncing the petty-bourgeois tendencies still deeply rooted in the population of cities and villages. He doesn't seek to disperse the gloom by including the new ideology and achievements of the masses as a background. These people, with their limited outlook and selfishness, are doomed. There is no place for them in the future.

Mr. Zostchenko wouldn't be a real satirist if he had limited himself to exposing only the petty-bourgeois hang-overs, which as such have no chance to develop in modern Russia. But he cleverly points out in addition the weaknesses and mistakes of loyal and enthusiastic Soviet citizens, who though not devoid of good will and even zeal, are not only incapable of achieving anything, but, for lack of intelligence and ability, create confusion and discredit their own ideals.

The style of the author, though **"unliterary"** as correctly defined in the foreword, is pointed, laconic, and funny in the sense that it is invariably serious in spite of the ridicule. His humor does not consist of brilliant witticisms. He makes the reader smile, not at the way he writes, but for the things he writes about.

V. N. Y.

SIXTH OF JUNE. By Stanley Hopkins. Harpers. 1935. $2.50.

Mrs. Hopkins's second novel is an achievement of some scope and insight; though set in a pattern that has become more or less conventional in the past few years—the events of a single day in the life of a single family, and hence restricted by the unities of time and place—it manages to cover considerable ground in the lives of its various characters.

The Raphaels of Virginia possessed a sizable amount of Jewish blood, but the second generation was doing its best to forget that fact; Harry, the type of the big small-town business man, rarely if ever remembered his father's racial strain; he was a member of the Legion, of the local fire-company, of the country club. He had identified himself with the interests of those he chose to call "good American stock," and the close of the book finds him following the inevitable pattern of the upper-bourgeois circle whose interests he had made his own: he is assisting in the formation of a group to be called the White Knights, a group distinctly fascist in complexion, whose avowed aim sounds the now classic war cry: America for Americans.

Grouped about Harry Raphael are the various members of the clan who have returned, for the day, to their home town to witness Arnold's second marriage; old Mr. Raphael and his wife; Harry's daughter

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE ROAD TO GLORY *F. Britten Austin* (Stokes: $2.50.)	Romantic Adventure	Napoleon goes to town! The 26-year-old general shows the *Republique* Wisenheimers and Josephine genius stuff in socking the Italian Army.	Big Time
KAY THE LEFT-HANDED *Leslie Barringer* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.50.)	Costume Adwencher	Realistic yarn of 12th century England in which ambidextrous young scrivener cuts in and out of favor with squabbling barons. Gal, and characterizations, knockout.	High Blood-Count
PURPLE PIRATE *Talbot Mundy* (Appleton-Century: $2.50)	Romantic Adventure	A.B.C. Epic with Cleopatra, Egyptian torch, hurling potent wiles at Admiral Tros—and missing! Torrid battles and plots.	Colossal, but good
THE CANYON OF GOLD *Roy Norton* (Macaulay: $2.)	Western	The miners came in '49, but two rough prospectors came much later to buck a gypping Wall Street outfit and win the gold of the little Dolores.	Flawful
BROTHER OF THE CHEYENNES *George Owen Baxter* (Macaulay: $2.)	Western	Out West where men draw gats and women are dainty, Rusty Sabin with tricks of magic promotes the olive branch between the Injuns and Whites.	Heap swell

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TODAY

By Milton H. Stansbury

Fourteen of the most important French literati discussed from both the personal and the artistic viewpoints. The list includes: Gide, Giraudoux, Mauriac, MacOrlan, Larbaud, Morand, Colette, the Surrealists, Cocteau, Green, de Montherlant, Drieu La Rochelle, Romains, Malraux.

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Elizabeth; his wife, Margaret; Arnold the doctor, and Louis, the introspective novelist of the family. Associated with Elizabeth, the stupid, really sweet young girl, is Nat Fies, a young communist whom Harry has capriciously picked up and given work on his orchard. There is also a host of other characters whose orbits, either through work or play, self-interest or chance, cross the paths of the Raphaels; Bert and Eleanor Gieske, Alma Bond, a doctor, Philip Haxall, expatriated Englishman and lecher, colored servants, local society members. And within the passage of that one day, the problems and perplexities of these many people are nicely interrelated to form a substantial fabric of readily identifiable human life. Mrs. Hopkins, though lacking the driving power of a major talent, is the possessor of a native fictional insight that makes every page of "Sixth of June" revealing, engrossing, and instinct with significance. She has illuminated the life and manners of a class that is slowly passing from the American scene—the haute bourgeoisie; she has intelligently handled their conflicts and shrewdly revealed their aspirations.

A. C. B.

THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER. By J. C. Furnas. Morrow. 1935. $2.50.

Mr. Furnas's book illustrates the difficulty against which the satirist of today must contend in attempting to transcend reality. It is concerned with the American apostle of a Slavic seer called in the book Golovin, who may be partially identified by any one familiar with the life of Katherine Mansfield or Middleton Murry. The American, a convinced adherent of Golovin's school of trained egoism, is taken up by one of those prosperous, pseudo-intellectual American groups which are always adopting some new cult, and which turn from theosophy and stylized amateur drama to his message. He tries to teach them, and only succeeds in precipitating quarrels and love affairs, becoming himself unfortunately involved with both his hostess and her daughter, and not having enough of the ruthlessness he advocates to break off in time.

There is nothing here exaggerated; but one is forced to ask oneself what is the author's purpose? The characters are too shallow to afford any drama, and the author has not the gift of making bores any better company in his book than they would be in fact. The book is a mannered comedy of situation.

B. D.

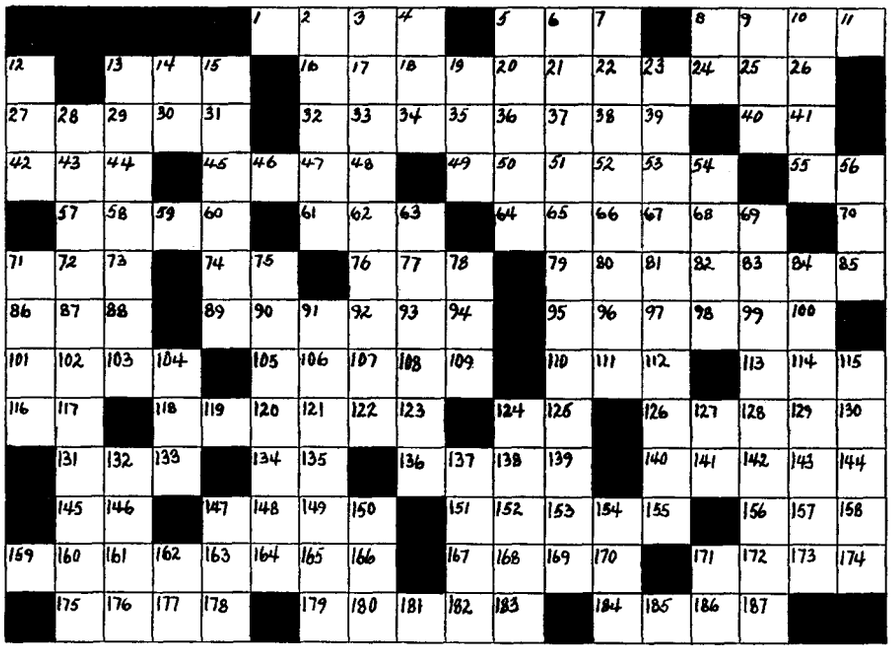
THE GRAND GENNARO. By Garibaldi M. Lapolla. Vanguard. 1935. $2.50.

Mr. Lapolla has written a colorful novel of no particular depth about the rise of an Italian immigrant in New York's Harlem, during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Gennaro Accuci arrived penniless in what was then New York's Little Italy; befriended, housed, fed, and put to work by his home-town friend Rocco, he wasted little time before he wrested Rocco's rag-picking business away from him by methods which no doubt gave rise to the modern gangster tradition. He "muscled in" on his friend, and from the sweat of his friend's toil he made himself a wealthy man, a power in

(*Continued on page* 30)

Double-Crostics: No. 83

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. Sportive, humorous.

II. Hack writer, scribbler (slang).

III. Russia's Foreign Affairs Commissar.

IV. Capital of West Lothian Co., Scotland.

V. Inanimate, unfeeling.

VI. Phoenician goddess Astarte.

VII. State of being maudlin.

VIII. To disinherit.

IX. Ridgepole.

X. A reserve fund (2 words).

XI. One of the Graces.

XII. A simpleton (colloq.).

XIII. Greek philosopher and naturalist.

XIV. A source of Shakespeare's plots.

XV. Pressing; critical.

XVI. A snare.

XVII. Goods sunk in the sea with a buoy attached.

XVIII. Lamprey.

XIX. Jehovah.

XX. Fully executed.

XXI. City in Central New York State.

XXII. Moves to and fro as a signal.

XXIII. Noisy ignoramus (colloq.).

WORDS

171 86 158 136 17 149 119

172 141 126 139 108 134 75 163 112 63

114 107 5 102 21 29 92 146 1

175 157 104 72 98 150 14 122 145 143

74 156 27 48 85 57 65 20 180

96 31 131 40 120 2 26 178 54

4 80 129 11 28 60 174 22 73 117 110

15 33 111 77 154 187 170 148 118 125

89 115 142 95 36 78 7 58

162 90 81 160 168 18 39

94 34 91 6 45 132 82 151 16 101

155 71 79 43 59 181 97

13 124 109 137 70 76 184 164 130 173 121 183

61 128 35 67 99 144 106 103 167

152 66 161 23 138 127 49

38 84 51 93 12

147 153 53 176 68

88 32 25

179 24 50 105 166 55

87 19 46 9 3 52 113 159

41 177 133 44 30 185

64 83 100 116 10 69 47

8 165 169 42 123 56 182 186 140 37 135 62

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

OLD Quercus always enjoys West 45 Street, which has identity of its own: we like the steadfast doorman who stands outside Jaeckel's fur shop ("this is a season for Russian Sables" they remark); the only kind of fur old Impoverished is likely to stroke is that friendly black cat with a white jabot sitting at the door of Womrath's bookshop. ☞Putnam's amused us by choosing a warm October day to come out with the town's first window of Christmas cards. ☞We never feel so much like writing as when looking in the window of Styles & Cash, stationers, with such fascinating filing cases, pens and office trinkets.

☞Right here in our own building (25 West 45) is the Epicurean Press which issues André Simon's admirable little *Wine Connoisseur's Catechism* (a booklet of 40 pp., well printed by Rudge) for 25 cents. ☞Philadelphia patrons are not pleased by our speaking so offhand about the Fish House, Philly's most serious gastronomic institution, and certainly the oldest social club in the United States. It was founded in 1732 as "The Fishing Company of the Colony in Schuylkyll." Its meeting place is now on the Delaware River, not the Schuylkyll. ☞It was one of the members of this noble club who (back in the 1760's) accidentally invented Planked Shad. ☞These details we learn from a delightful essay by that gracious expert on Philadelphia *moeurs*, Sophia Yarnall. ☞For Quercus Minimus's behoof, we copy from Miss Yarnall the traditional formula for FISH HOUSE PUNCH:—"Rum, good, old, and mellow, 2 parts; Brandy, older the better, one part; Water, clear and pure, one quart; Sugar, ¾ pound to each part; one wine glass of peach brandy to each part; ¾ quart of lemon juice. The sugar must be lump. It is placed in the bowl, the water is added and the whole stirred and mashed until it becomes a syrup. Then the lemon juice is poured in, and, at the very end, the spirits."

☞A. V. C. writes from Philadelphia that it is highly important to let the mixture "brew" for at least 2 hours before consumption. ☞Since we are on convivial themes, let us wonder whether the approaching Mark Twain celebration will bring to light the ancient drinking-horn which was given to the humorist by the Heidelberg students in 1878? When it belonged to a Union Square bookseller some years ago it was brought over to Hoboken for a beer party. Wonder who owns it now?

☞H. A. Calahan, well known writer on yachting, has done for Vanguard a sequel to *Treasure Island*. The story takes Jim Hawkins, Squire Trelawney, Dr. Livesey back to the island for the rest of the gold. F. D. R. and old Quercus will be two sure customers for this.☞ Lynn Carrick of Bobbs Merrill is pleased about *A Toast to Rebellion*, General Garibaldi's book (November 8). The General is grandson of the great Liberator and equally a fighter against all forms of oppression. ☞Not only is Mr. Pepys of Manhattan — Franklin Pepys Adams — about to publish an omnibus of his diary, but also the original Sam Pepys is in the news. Macmillan announces (for the Cambridge University Press) Arthur Bryant's second volume of Pepysian researches. *The Years of Peril* this one is called; it tells for the first time of the attempt to implicate the diarist in the Popish Plot. ☞Oxford University Press adds to the admired World's Classics series (80 cents a volume) a selection from Paul Elmer More's *Shelburne Essays*. We always wondered why *Shelburne;* Mr. More tells in his preface to the little book. After giving up his job at Bryn Mawr College he lived "as a hermit in a mild Epicurean fashion of my own" in a farmhouse near the village of Shelburne, N. H.— "along the peaceful valley of the Androscoggin."

☞We once knew a French essayist who dearly wanted to make sentimental pilgrimage to Mr. More's retreat, but pronounced the name Androscoggin so weirdly that no one could understand. ☞We are always grateful to P. E. M. for having been one of the very earliest in this country to praise George Gissing. Of *Ryecroft* he said "There is nothing in the language quite like this volume."

☞Goodspeed's (Boston) latest catalogue of Old and Rare lists a book about the most unpopular bookseller who ever lived, *The Unspeakable Curll*, by Ralph Straus. "Strangely pachydermatous figure, for 40 years he scandalized London."

☞Speaking of Goodspeed's, we once found in their interesting monthly bulletin a facsimile of an old sheet music which ought to please Little Brown and Company. ☞That vigorous old magazine *Adventure* is celebrating its 25th anniversary. Among many good writers it introduced Rafael Sabatini to American readers. It prides itself on having no truck with Sex; and Sinclair Lewis and Elmer Davis once worked for it.

☞The English are evidently still sensitive about the H or Aspirate. Harcourt Brace received a jubilant cable from London about some publishing business. The message ended with the word URRAH. Followed immediately a second telegram from the British cable office, saying *Our cablegram from London please read last textword Hurrah.*

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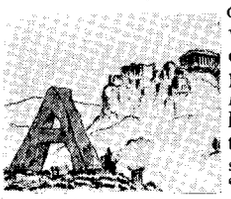
AROUND THE WORLD WITH
THE ALPHABET AND
HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON
[*Just Published, Price $1.00*]

Suppose your correspondents put their cards on the table and tell exactly how this curious little book came to be written.

One day HENDRIK VAN LOON dropped in and he said, "I wish you would publish this for me. Something I did for my grandson."

The pictures of the little book were so utterly fantastic in their gay colors and the text was such an excellent piece of prose that *The Inner Sanctum* hesitated. And then your correspondent said, "Sorry, Hendrik, but it just can't be done. Four colors: And only 64 pages! We would have to charge three dollars a copy. Who would pay three dollars for a little book of 64 pages?"



Then he said, "Very well. I will make you a present of it."

Now H.v.L. is not exactly a greedy person. As a matter of fact, we have got to act as his business manager and banker, as well as his publishers, for otherwise he would give his last shirt and his best drawing-pen away.

But neither do publishers meet authors every day who casually remark "Here is my manuscript. Take it and forget about the royalties." And so your correspondent asked him, "Why are you so eager to have this published? Your grandson is a most amusing infant but surely you can dedicate some other book to him. Why are you so eager to get this published?"

"Well," he said, "I would like to see the kids of America have at least one book of their own that was just written and drawn for the fun of it."

It was impossible to answer that argument. So the proud publishers said, "O-kay!" And then all of us went out to lunch.

Essandess

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The New Books

(*Continued from page 28*)

the community. For seven years he never found the inclination to send for his wife and children; he was having too good a time; and when they arrived, he found he had outgrown his old-country wife, and her decline was rapid. He had "made America"; he led every procession of the various Italian societies; he donated time, money, and fireworks to the saints' festivals, and he drove his wife to her grave.

The great Gennaro achieves real vitality in his creator's story, but he is the only character to do so. More successful with his background, Mr. Lapolla has contrived a convincing picture of the period as exemplified in this limited milieu; the processions, the feast-days, the family and social life of the Italian immigrant population glows with vivid colors. Here is their facile emotionalism; their quarrels spread over every page; their ambitions and their set-backs are presented in loving detail. Gennaro is the type-specimen of one ingredient of the American melting-pot; individualist, exploiter of his fellows, but a "good-hearted" man and a loving father.

A. C. B.

Miscellaneous

MANHATTAN REPORTER. By Morris Markey. New York: Dodge Publishing Company. 1935. $2.50.

Mr. Markey has been reporting New York for *The New Yorker* for some time now. He does not pretend to report it completely. He says that the fact that Manhattan is the *mise en scêne* of his graphic sketches is "in a manner of speaking, an accident of my address." For wherever you put him down, Morris Markey would be shrewdly observing and writing his impressions. However, it is amazing how much ground he has been able to cover in the pages between these boards. Whether it is an engrossing—because so unemphasized—picture of Starr Faithfull's family after her death, a description of an uptown "gyp joint" at three o'clock in the morning, a fascinating report on the clock in the campanile on Madison Square and of the man who tends it, an account of soap-boxing on Columbus Circle, foreign quarters of New York, and the great markets on West Street hard at work all night—whether it is one thing or another, Mr. Markey's information is always exact and his atmosphere vivid. Much of his work has been done late at night and in the small hours. He knows all the crime and drift of the city, and also the waterfront whither the big liners bring the continual influx of visitors or returning residents. His book will keep you constantly on the move and you will find pieces like "Nocturne," "Case of the Poisoned Bun," and "Technique," just so darn well written that never again will you use the word "journalism" scornfully. As a matter of fact, many of our best realistic novelists have of course graduated from the ranks of journalism. Both for the ingrained New Yorker and for the newcomer to our fair city, this book will prove a treat. The pieces are deservedly gathered together and given more permanent form.

W. R. B.

The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

Bronze and Stone

AFTER the manner of John Kendrick Bangs's Mr. Munchausen, whose father told him he could have the moon if he would promise to leave it in the sky, this department proposes to initiate a collection that by no stretch of imagination or of domestic architecture could ever be assembled in one spot. Such a collection has not, one believes, been attempted before, and it is not likely that it will ever be attempted again. There are, perhaps, readers who will inquire with considerable vehemence why in blazes it is being attempted now.

DEACON WITH BOOK

That aspersion, of course, should anyone make it, will strike pretty close to the core of all collecting philosophy. Every collector carries a no-trespass notice on the face of his heart, and on the verso, in Neon lights, and aimed at every other collector, is emblazoned the device "Who wants to?" One collector's ambrosia is the other's strychnine, one devotee's golden calf the other's bust. And this brings us to the nub of the present business.

The Compleat Collector's newest passion is to be an assemblage of sculptured books. There is nowhere—is there?—a representation in stone or bronze of a book by itself? (Philip C. Blackburn, co-bibliographer of Washington Irving and James Fenimore Cooper, has been listing, with regrettable lackadaisicalness, a group of statues of objects generally which includes a granite cheese—French, type not specified.) But there must be—certainly there ought to be—a regiment of human effigies with books somewhere in the composition.

The glamorous potentialities of the idea occurred to the Compleat Collector this summer at sight of his old friend Deacon Samuel Chapin. Deacon Chapin has been standing at State and Chestnut Streets in Springfield, Massachusetts, for half a century, not waiting for an Indian Orchard car (he is on the wrong side of the street) but gazing in impregnable hauteur toward the Southwest, where lie (and perhaps he knows it) Hartford, New Haven, and New York. Saint-Gaudens caught him in the forethrust of a magnificent stride as the Deacon was carrying the Word of God and the white man's burden out into the wilderness. This surpassing example of arrested ambulation is as vivid to the spectator as was the ceramic game of tag to John Keats.

Through the courtesy of Hiller C. Wellman, librarian of the Springfield City Library, adjacent to which the Deacon stands, the Compleat Collector is enabled to present the accompanying likeness. The bronze is properly entitled "The Puritan," but Saint-Gaudens used the ancient Springfielder—he went there in 1642—as a hypothetical model, for the likeness is necessarily ideal. But most of early Massachusetts and much of America is there—the endurance that peopled the prairies, the determination that won the Revolution, the intransigence that brought on the Civil War, the bull-headedness that produced a Tennessee monkey trial, and the stern and rockbound conscience that was the Puritan's supreme bequest to a posterity that may long since have squandered it or may simply be hoarding it against some vast moral emergency.

But whatever his quirks and virtues, the Deacon is carrying a book. It is, indubitably, a Bible. It is, inevitably, the Great Bible of 1611, known to us as the King James Bible—A. Edward Newton's "greatest book in the world." It is a noble number to stand as Lot Number One in the new collection. Do the Deacon and his Bible stand alone? Are there other book-toting effigies, and if so whose, and what are the books?

The Bishop's Bloomer

Scribner's eminently readable new "Catalogue of Familiar Quotations," which merits preservation alongside Merle Johnson's "You Know These Lines" and Carroll A. Wilson's catalogue of last winter's Wesleyan exhibition, lists Bishop Heber's "Hymns, Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year" (London, 1827) and quotes therefrom, among other well-remembered fragments:

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

The Compleat Collector's faith in his own memory tottered—in the First Methodist Sunday School at Middletown, Connecticut, hadn't it been "Ceylon's isle"? Reference to Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse" proved that it was so. When, then, and why the shift from coffee to tea? Did the Dutch suggest that the Bishop's own England was a perfectly good glass house? There must be a story behind the alteration. What is it?

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IS THERE AN UNATTACHED FEMININE San Franciscan, thirtyish, about 5 feet three inches, who enjoys literature, music, sociology and is yet versatile enough to like football, Colliers, Fortune, ice skating, Ballyhoo, Bing Crosby, dinner dancing and champagne or beer, and a walk in the park? Box 779-A.

YOUNG WOMAN, Protestant, cultured, literary, musical, personable; experienced secretary; best references; desires position as personal or social secretary, companion, accompanist, reader, or the like, or in charge small office. Box 780-A.

GENTLEMAN will share his office with literary or business woman; cost inexpensive. Box 783-A.

PERSONALS

YOUNG WOMAN, New Yorker, with knowledge of romance languages, library reference works and bibliographic tools desires to perform bibliographic services for authors, students. Small consideration. Box 781-A.

MERIDEN, MIDDLETOWN, HARTFORD, New Haven vicinity: struggling subsistence-home owner, married, would commute to job, full or part time. Modest salary would be Guggenheim fellowship to this reasonably-recognized poet. Faithful attention to job. Business experience. References. Box 782-A.

YOUNG WOMAN desperately in need of work, clerical, assistant bookkeeping. Can also do shorthand and speak well over telephone. Refined personality. Will take nominal salary. Box 784-A.

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REFINED WOMAN portrait painter, thirtyish, optimistic, desires position as companion. Knowledge of many interesting subjects. Flair for gardening. Craves warm winters. Box 105, Hudson, New York.

YOUNG MAN, owns small car and $100, wants to start life in small New England town. Will welcome any suggestions. Chips.

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YOUNG LADY returned from delightful English holiday would like to hear more about that country. Is there anywhere an Englishman sufficiently unorthodox to write to her about it? Box 789-A.

FEMINA'S WINGS have been clipped. Gentleman (over forty) with a spirit of camaraderie undulled by recent years, please exchange chuckles over life's queer antics. Am companionable and personable. Box 790-A.

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